THE PLAIN DEALER:

A COMEDY.

As it is Performed at the

THEATRE ROYAL

IN

DRURY LANE.

WITH

ALTERATIONS FROM WYCHERLY.

LONDON:

Printed for W. GRIFFIN, in CATHARINE-STREET; T. LOWNDES, in FLEET-STREET; W. NICOLL, in ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD; and BECKET and DE HONDT, in the STRAND. 1766.

[Price 1s. 6d.]

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO

DAVID GARRICK, ESQUIRE,

THE GREATEST ORNAMENT
THE THEATRE EVER HAD TO BOAST,
IN GRATITUDE
FOR HIS JUDICIOUS CORRECTION OF
THESE ALTERATIONS;
AND HIS JUST AND LIVELY INSTRUCTIONS,
WHICH HAVE SO GREATLY ASSISTED THEM IN
REPRESENTATION:
AND AS A TRIBUTE
OF AFFECTION AND ESTEEM,
FOR HIS MANY SHINING
AND AMIABLE QUALITIES,
THIS ATTEMPT TO RESTORE TO THE STAGE
ONE OF THE FATHERS OF OUR ENGLISH
COMEDY,
IS INSCRIBED,

BY HIS MOST OBLIGED
AND OBEDIENT SERVANT,

THE EDITOR.

BRITISH MUSEUM

PREFACE.

IT is well known, that Wycherly's Comedy of the Plain Dealer, was one of the moſt celebrated productions of the laſt century; it acquired him the perſonal friendſhip of two of his ſovereigns, and the praiſes of the learned, both at home and abroad; and certainly we find in it the happieſt combination of wit, humour, character, and incident, that can be imagined.

How then comes it to paſs, that it has been ſo long excluded the Theatre? I anſwer, to the honour of the preſent age, becauſe it was immoral and indecent. The licentiouſneſs of Mr. Wycherly's Muſe, rendered her ſhocking to us, with all her charms: or, in other words, we could allow no charms in a tainted beauty, who brought contagion along with her.

It was in this condition I found the play, which I now preſume to offer the public; and, as before I undertook it, I mentioned it to ſeveral good judges, who gave it over as irrecoverable,

irrecoverable, I thought I had the right of other quacks, to try experiments upon it: indeed, on a cloſe examination, beſides enormous length, and exceſſive obſcenity, I thought I met ſeveral things which called very much for correction; a want of ſymmetry might, I apprehended, be ſometimes miſtaken for ſtrength. The character of Manly was rough, even to outrageous brutality; and inconſiſtent, in his friendſhip for Freeman, whom he knew to be guilty of the actions of a thief and a raſcal. The characters of lord Plauſible, and Novel, did not ſeem to me ſo well contraſted as they might be, while the other comic perſonages degenerated ſometimes into very low farce; neither did I think the part of Fidelia ſo amiable, or the ſituations ariſing from her diſguiſe, quite ſo amuſing, as they were capable of being rendered by a little retouching.

There is but one thing I am afraid of, That in endeavouring to correct theſe, perhaps imaginary faults of the poet, I may have ſubſtituted real blemiſhes of my own. But wherever I have taken the liberty to vary from my author, I have alſo taken care to mark it, in ſuch a manner, as that his reputation may ſuffer as little as poſſible, by a mixture which, I hope, will be conſidered at worſt as an alloy, without which, according to the rules of modern refinement, his more valuable

valuable materials could never have been wrought up.

I have nothing farther to add, but my thanks to the public, for their kind reception of this piece; and to acknowledge my obligations to the performers: Mr. Holland, and Mrs. Yates, have gained great reputation in two very difficult characters; but it might ſeem partial to dwell upon their particular merit, where every individual has a right to the higheſt applauſe.

Dramatis

Dramatis Perſonæ.

M E N.

Manly,	Mr. Holland.
Freeman,	Mr. Palmer.
Lord Plauſible,	Mr. Dodd.
Novel,	Mr. King.
Verniſh,	Mr. Lee.
Major Oldfox,	Mr. Love.
Jerry Blackacre,	Mr. Yates.
Counſellor Quillit,	Mr. Baddely.
Oakam,	Mr. Moody.
A Boy,	Maſter Burton.

W O M E N.

Olivia,	Miſs Pope.
Fidelia,	Mrs. Yates.
Mrs. Blackacre,	Mrs. Clive.
Eliza,	Miſs Plym.
Lettice,	Mrs. Hippiſley.

SCENE, LONDON.

THE

THE PLAIN DEALER.

ACT I. SCENE I.

MANLY's Lodgings. MANLY *enters in a Morning Gown, followed by Lord* PLAUSIBLE, *and afterwards by* OAKAM.

'*Man.* PRAY, my lord, pray my lord 'Plauſible, give me leave, I have 'more of the maſtiff than the ſpa-'niel, in my nature, I own it; 'beſides I am too old now to learn to play tricks: 'I cannot fawn, and fetch and carry; neither 'will I ever practiſe that ſervile complaiſance, 'which ſome people pique themſelves on being 'maſters of.

'*L. Plau.* Well, but ſeriouſly, my dear friend, 'this is being ſingular: will you declare war 'againſt general cuſtom; refuſe to ſubſcribe to 'the common forms of good breeding?

'*Man.* Forms indeed, my lord, they are mere 'forms, and therefore ſhall not ſway me.—In 'ſhort, I will not as your ſubſcribers to forms do,' whiſper my contempt or hatred; call a man fool, or knave, by ſigns, or mouths, over his ſhoulder, while I have him in my arms.—I will not do as you do.

L. Plau. As I do!—Heaven defend me! upon my honour! I never attempted to abuſe, or leſſen any one in my life.

Man. What! you were afraid?

L. Plau. No; but ſeriouſly I hate to do a rude thing.—No faith, I ſpeak well of all mankind.

Man. I thought ſo: but know that is the worſt ſort of detraction, for it takes away the reputation of the few good men in the world, by making all alike.—Now I ſpeak ill of moſt men, becauſe they deſerve it.

L. Plau. Well, tell not me, my dear friend, what people deſerve, I, like an author in a dedication, never ſpeak well of a man for his ſake, but my own: I will not diſparage any one to diſparage myſelf: to ſpeak ill of people behind their backs, is not pretty, and to ſpeak ill of them to their faces, would be the moſt monſtrous thing in nature.

Man. So that if you was to ſay an unhandſome thing of any of your friends, I ſuppoſe you would chuſe to do it behind their backs.

L. Plau. Oh certainly, certainly; I would do it behind their backs out of pure good manners.

'*Man.* Very well, my lord: I have not leiſure 'at preſent to examine into the propriety of your 'decorums: I confeſs, I am but an unpoliſhed 'ſea-fellow.—But there is a favour, which if your 'lordſhip would grant me—'

L. Plau.

'*L. Plau.* A favour! dear Sir, you make me 'the happieſt man in the world; pray let me 'know how I have it in my power to ſerve you.'

Man. No otherwiſe, my lord, than by leaving me a little to myſelf; at preſent I am really quite unfit for company.

L. Plau. Perhaps you have buſineſs.

Man. If you have any I would not detain your lordſhip.

L. Plau. Detain me! dear Sir, I come on purpoſe to pay my reſpects to you: 'I heard of your 'arrival in town laſt night, and could not be eaſy. 'But be free with me, if my company is in the 'leaſt diſagreeable or inconvenient'——

Man. I have told your lordſhip, already, I had rather be alone.

L. Plau. I will lay hold then of ſome other opportunity of paying my moſt humble reſpects to you, and in the mean time———

Man. Oakam! wait on his lordſhip down.

L. Plau. Sir, I am your moſt obedient.

Man. Good-by to your lordſhip.

L. Plau. Your moſt faithful.

Man. Your ſervant, your ſervant!

L. Plau. And eternally———

Man. And eternal ceremony!——

L. Plau. You ſhall uſe no ceremony, by my life!

Man. I do not intend it.

L. Plau. Where are you going then?

Man. Zounds! to ſee you out of doors, that I may ſhut them againſt more welcomes.

SCENE II.

OAKHAM.

'*Oak.* Well ſaid, bully-tar! He came along-
'ſide of his match when he grappled with you, I
'can tell him that. Zounds, he makes no more
'of one of theſe freſh-water ſparks, than a three-
'decker wou'd of a bomb-boat! But he's as brave
'a heart as ever ſtept between ſtem and ſtern;
'and ſo's a ſign, by his ſinking our fine veſſel, the
'other day, rather than let her fall into the hands
'of the raſcally French, when he found three or four
'of their piccaroons at once were too many for us.
'Let me ſee—'Tis juſt ſix weeks ſince we ſail'd
'out of Portſmouth harbour, and we had ſcarce
'been a month on our cruize before we fell in with
'the enemy's ſquadron — Ah! we have made
'a baſe, broken, ſhort voyage of it—Howſom-
'ever, he ſoon expects to be put into commiſſion
'again, and I would go with him about the round
'world, if ſo be it was his deſtination; for, thof
'he's as cruſty as any one ſometimes, and will
'be obey'd, there's never a captain in the navy
'that's a truer friend to a ſea-man—Avaſt tho'!
'He ſteers this way, in company of our merry lieu-
'tenant: 'tis foul weather, I doubt; I'll loof up,
'and get to windward of him.'

SCENE

SCENE III.

MANLY, FREEMAN, OAKHAM.

Free. But how the devil could you turn a man of his quality down ſtairs? You uſe a lord with very little ceremony it ſeems.

Man. A lord! What, you are one of thoſe who eſteem men only by the value and marks which fortune hath ſet upon them, and never conſider intrinſic worth? But counterfeit honours will not be current with me; I weigh the man, not his title: it is not the king's inſcription can make the mettal better or heavier. Your lord is a leaden ſhilling, which you bend every way; and debaſes the ſtamp he bears, inſtead of being raiſed by it—And you, raſcal, blockhead, did'nt I order you to deny me to every body?

'*Oak.* Yes, your honour; and ſo I would, but 'I was juſt ſtepped into the back-parlour to play 'a game at All Fours with our landlady's daugh-'ter; and, while we were wrangling about the 'cards, the little boy let the gentleman up un-'known to us.

Man. Well, be more careful for the future: ſtand at the ſtair-foot, and, at your peril, keep all that aſk for me from coming up.

Oak. Muſt no one come up to you, Sir?

Man. No man, Sir.

Oak. A woman, an't like your honour?

Man. No woman neither, you impertinent raſcal.

Oak. Indeed, your honour, it will be hard for me to deny a woman any thing, ſince we are ſo newly come on ſhore: but I'll let no old woman come up to you.

Man. Would you be witty?—You become a jeſt as ill as you do a horſe—Begone.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

MANLY, FREEMAN.

Free. Nay let the poor rogue have his forecaſtle jeſts: a ſailor cannot help them in a ſtorm, ſcarce when a ſhip's ſinking—But what, will you ſee nobody? not your friends?

Man. Friends! I have only one friend, and he I hear is not in town: nay, can have only one; for a true heart admits but of one friendſhip, as of one love; but in having that friend I have a thouſand; for he has the courage of men in deſpair, yet the caution and diffidence of cowards; the ſecrecy of the revengeful, and the conſtancy of martyrs; one fit to adviſe, to keep a ſecret, to fight, to die for his friend—But words are but weak teſtimonies of his merit, and my eſteem: I have truſted him in my abſence with the care of the woman I love; which is a charge of ſo tender, ſo delicate a nature—

Free. Well, but all your good thoughts are not for him alone, I hope? Pray what do you think of me for a friend?

Man. Of you! Why you are a latitudinarian in friendſhip; that is, no friend; you will ſide with all mankind, but ſuffer for none; you are, indeed, like your Lord Plauſible, the pink of courteſy, and therefore have no friendſhip.

Free. No; that's very odd doctrine, indeed!

Man. Look you, I am ſo much your friend that I would not deceive you; and therefore muſt tell you, not only becauſe my heart is taken up, but according to your rules of friendſhip, I cannot be your friend.

Free. Why, pray?

Man. Becauſe you will ſay, he that is a true friend to a man is a friend to all his friends: but you

you muſt excuſe me; I cannot wiſh well to a pack of coxcombs, ſharpers, and ſcoundrels, whom I have ſeen you treat, I know not how often, as the deareſt friends in the world.

Free. What, I ſuppoſe you have obſerved me in the Park, and at the coffee-houſe, doing the buſineſs of the ſeveral places? But could you really think I was a friend to all thoſe I bowed to, ſhook hands with, and received in open arms?

Man. You told them you were; nay, and ſwore it too; I heard you.

Free. Ay, but when their backs were turn'd, did not I tell you the greater part of them were wretched, infamous fellows, whom I deſpiſed and hated?

Man. Very true? But what right had I to believe you ſpoke your heart to me, who profeſſed deceiving ſo many?

'*Free.* Nay, if you are ſuch a preciſe adherer 'to matter of fact, it is in vain to argue with you; 'yet ſurely you would not have every man wear 'his opinion upon his ſleeve, and find fault and 'quarrel with all that he cannot in his conſcience 'approve.

'*Man.* I would have every man ſpeak truth, 'and neither act the part of a ſycophant or a cow-'ard.'

Free. Well, but ſpeaking truth is ſometimes the worſt thing a man can do: would you have one ſpeak truth to one's ruin? You are ſeverer than the law, which requires no man to witneſs againſt himſelf. — 'You would have me ſpeak truth I 'warrant, and tell a certain friend of mine at 'court, who has been promiſing to do ſomething 'for me theſe five years, that he has a bad me-'mory.'

Man. Why not?

Free.

'*Free.* The queſtion anſwers itſelf: becauſe a
'a cool friend is better than an enemy: he would
'call my ingenuity ſaucineſs and preſumption;
'and, inſtead of barely not endeavouring to pro-
'mote me, I ſhould have him uſing his intereſt to
'deprive me of the little I have got: and, by the
'ſame rule too, I ſhould tell a great lady of your
'acquaintance, that her intrigues are the talk of
'the whole town.'

Man. No doubt on't.

Free. And what would be the conſequence? I ſhould have her huſband want to poke me through the guts in vindication of his lady's honour; or get myſelf embroiled with her gallants, perhaps, whom ſhe would ſet on to quarrel with me out of revenge: theſe would be the hopeful effects of my blunt ſincerity; and I could expect no other—Suppoſe I was to tell you that the world thinks you a brute and a mad man; would not you hate me?

Man. No, Sir; inſtead of hating you, I ſhould love you for your honeſt declaration; and, in lieu of being mortified, am proud that the world and I think not well of one another.

Free. Well, doctors differ; yet, pray, Sir, believe the friendſhip I offer you real, whatever I have profeſſed to others—Try me at leaſt.

Man. Why, what would you do for me? However, ſpare yourſelf the trouble of profeſſing; for, go as far as you will—Here comes one will ſay as much at leaſt—

SCENE

SCENE V.

MANLY, FREEMAN, FIDELIA.

Don't you love me deviliſhly too, my little volunteer? As well as he, or any man can?

Fide. Better than any man can love you, my dear captain: as well as you do truth and honour, Sir: as well—

Man. Nay, good young gentleman, enough for ſhame! 'Sure you forget that I am an unſucceſsful 'man here; that I have met with nothing abroad 'but loſſes and diſappointments; and am like to 'find nothing at home but frowns and vexation?' Why do you follow me then, flatter my vanity now; ſince, ſo far from being able to befriend you, I ſtand in need of a patron myſelf?

Fide. I never followed reward or preferment, Sir, but you alone; and, were you this inſtant to embark on the moſt hazardous expedition, I would chearfully riſk my life for the bare pleaſure of ſerving with you.

Man. Nay, hold there, Sir; did not I ſee you, during the engagement, more afraid—

'*Fide.* Yet do me juſtice, Sir: when we took 'to our long-boat, on your giving orders to ſink 'the ſhip, did I ſhew any ſigns of dread or weari-'neſs? tho' the waves broke over us on every ſide, 'and the night was ſo dark.'—

Man. Ay, ay, you were in haſte to get to land: the apprehenſion of death made you inſenſible of danger, and ſo you were valiant out of fear.

Fide. Well, Sir, 'tis in vain for me to avow my ſentiments, ſince you are determined not to believe me; but one day or other, perhaps—

Free. Poor lad! you bring tears into his eyes: conſider his youth and inexperience, and make ſome allowances.

Man. What, does he cry?—No more, you milk-ſop! Dry your eyes: I will never make you afraid again; for of all men, if I had occaſion, you ſhould not be my ſecond; and when I return to ſea:

Fide. You will not leave me behind?—

Man. Leave you behind! ay, ay; you are a hopeful youth for the ſhore only; 'you have a 'ſmock-face, and an officious readyneſs about 'you: you may get yourſelf recommended to ſome 'great man, by flattering his valet-de-chambre; 'or who knows, ſome liquoriſh old woman, or 'wanton young one, may take a fancy to you, al-'low you a conditional annuity, and make your 'fortune that way.

'*Fide.* Sure Sir, you are induſtrious to find 'yourſelf reaſons for an averſion to me: do you 'think then, I am capable of being the deſpicable 'wretch you deſcribe.'

Man. Why don't I know you to be a coward, Sir; a wretch capable of any thing?

Fide. Yet conſider Sir; do not turn me off to beggary and ruin: when I came to you, I told you I was helpleſs and friendleſs,

Man. Very well, Sir.—I will provide you with half a ſcore friends, which will help you a little—in the mean time be gone; go! you will fare better in any place than with me.

SCENE VI.

MANLY, FREEMAN, OAKAM.

Oak. There's a woman below, an pleaſe your honour, who ſcolds and buſtles to come up, as much as a ſeaman's widow at the Navy Office; ſhe ſays her name's Blackacre.

Man. That fiend!

Free. The widow Blackacre, that litigious ſhe petti-fogger! who is at law and difference with all the world. I wiſh I could make her agree with me in a church! She hath three thouſand pounds a year jointure, and the care of her ſon—that is, the deſtruction of his eſtate.

Man. The lawyers, attornies, and ſolicitors, have three thouſand pounds a year, while ſhe is content to be poor to make other people ſo; for ſhe is as vexatious as her father was, the great Norfolk attorney—

'*Free.* Ay, the devil take him! I am four hun-'dred pounds a year out of pocket by his kna-'viſh practices, on an old aunt of mine; though 'indeed, there was a ſuſpicion of a falſe deed of 'conveyance; I once had a deſign of ſuing the 'widow upon it, and ſomething I will now think 'of ſeriouſly—but, hang her! ſhe won't pretend to 'know me.'

Man. Go to her, can't you? When ſhe's in town ſhe lodges in one of the inns of court, where ſhe breeds her ſon, and is herſelf his tutoreſs in law-French, but bid her come up; ſhe is Olivia's relation, and may make me amends for her viſit, by giving me ſome account—

SCENE VII.

MANLY, FREEMAN, MRS. BLACKACRE, JERRY.

Mrs. Black. I never had ſo much trouble with a judge's door-keeper, as with yours: 'you ſhould 'conſider, captain Manly, this is term time, and 'folks have ſomething elſe to do, beſides waiting 'for admittance to people they have buſineſs with.'

Man. Well, well, a truce with your exclamations, and tell me ſomething about your couſin, How does Olivia?

Mrs. Black. Jerry, give me the ſubpœna.—It was by mere chance I heard of your being in town, and you are my chief witneſs: you can't imagine how my cauſe——

Man. Damn your cauſe! When did you ſee Olivia?

Mrs. Black. I am no viſitor, captain, but a woman of buſineſs: or if ever I viſit, 'tis only the Chancery-lane ladies, ladies towards the law; and none of your lazy, good for nothing, faſhionable gill-flirts.—Many a fine eſtate has been loſt in families for want of a notable ſtirring woman, to rumage among the writings: but come, Sir, we have no time to loſe; and ſince you won't liſten to me, I deſire you may hear my ſon a little; let him put our caſe to you; for if the trial comes on to day, it will not be amiſs to have your memory refreſhed, and your judgment informed, leſt you ſhould give your evidence improperly.—Jerry!

'*Jer.* What's the matter with you now?

'*Mrs. Black.* Come, child, put our caſe to captain *Manly*—Nay, don't hold down your head and look like a fool; for you can do it very well if you pleaſe.

'*Jer.* I wiſh I may be hanged if I ever knew ſuch a woman as you are in my life! I wonder you are not aſhamed to make one an antick before ſtrangers this way!

'*Mrs. Black.* Jerry, Jerry! don't be perverſe, but lay down the bags, and ſpeak out like a good child, when I bid you.—Lord, Sir, it would do you good to hear him ſometimes.—Why don't you begin?

'*Jer.* Sha! you are always in ſuch a hurry, there's no ſuch thing as doing nothing for you—What caſe muſt I put?

Mrs.

'*Mrs. Black.* Our caſe that comes on to day in 'the Common Pleas: you know well enough, but 'you will be ſtubborn!' Pray, captain, mark him.

Jer. Hem! hem!—John a Stiles——

Man. You may talk, young lawyer, and put her caſe, if you think proper; but I ſhall no more mind you than I would your mother, if I was in your caſe, when ſhe bid me do a thing to make a fool of myſelf.

'*Jer.* Look you there now; I told you ſo.

'*Mrs. Black.* Never mind him, Jerry, he only 'ſays that to daſh you: go on!' Bleſs my ſoul, I could hear our Jerry put caſes all day.

Jer. John a Stiles—no—there are firſt, Fitz, Pere, and Ayle; no, no, Ayle, Pere, and Fitz—Ayle is ſeized in fee of Blackacre; John a Stiles diſſeizes the Ayle; Ayle makes claim, and the diſſeſſors dies—Then the Ayle—no the Fitz——

Mrs. Black. No, the Pere, ſirrah!

Jer. Oh, the Pere—ay, the Pere, Sir, and the Fitz—No the Ayle—No the Pere and the Fitz—

Man. Damn Pere, Ayle, and Fitz, Sir!

Mrs. Black. No, you are out, child. Take notice of me, captain—There are Ayle, Pere, and Fitz: Ayle is ſeized in fee of Blackacre; and being ſo ſeized, John a Stiles diſſeizes the Ayle: Ayle makes claim, and the diſſeizor dies; then the Pere enters.—The Pere, Sirrah, the Pere!—And the Fitz enters upon the Pere; and the Ayle brings his writ of diſſeizen in the Poſt, and the Pere brings his writ of diſſeizen in the Pere, and—

Man. 'Sdeath, Freeman, can you liſten to this ſtuff?

Mrs.

Mrs. Black. Hold, Sir! I muſt ſerve you *(gives a paper, which he throws away)* you are required, Sir, by this to give your teſtimony—

Man. I'll be foreſworn, to be revenged of you.

SCENE VIII.

FREEMAN, MRS. BLACKACRE, JERRY.

Mrs. Black. Get you gone for an unmannerly fellow! But the ſervice is good in law, ſo he muſt attend it at his peril.—Come, Jerry, I had almoſt forgot, we are to meet at the maſter's before eleven. Let us mind our buſineſs ſtill, child.

Jer. Well, and who hinders you?

Free. Nay, Madam, now I would beg you to hear me a little—A little of my buſineſs.

Mrs. Black. I have buſineſs of my own, Sir, calls me away.

Free. My buſineſs would prove yours too, Madam.

Mrs. Black. What, 'tis no Weſtminſter-hall buſineſs: would you have my advice?

Free. No, faith; 'tis a little Weſtminſter Abbey buſineſs: I would have your conſent.

Mrs. Black. Fye, fye! to me ſuch language, Sir! and in the preſence of my dear minor here.

Jer. Ay, ay, mother, he would be taking livery and ſeizen of your jointure, by digging the turf; but I'll watch his waters, and ſo you may tell him. Come along.

SCENE

SCENE IX.

FIDELIA, FREEMAN.

'*Fide.* Dear Mr. Freeman, ſpeak to the captain 'for me.

'*Free.* Where is he?

'*Fide.* Within, Sir.

'*Free.* Sighing and meditating, I ſuppoſe, on 'his darling miſtreſs—He would never truſt me to 'ſee her. is ſhe handſome?

'*Fide.* I am not a proper judge.

'*Free.* What is ſhe?

'*Fide.* A gentlewoman, I believe; but of as 'mean fortune as beauty. You know, Sir, the 'captain made early choice of a ſea life, to which 'the particularity of his diſpoſition afterwards at-'tached him. But ſome time ſince he determined 'to quit the navy, and, having conceived a violent 'paſſion for this lady, was about to marry, and re-'tire with her into the country.

'*Free.* And what prevented him?

'*Fide.* The offer of a ſhip to go againſt the ene-'mies of his country: however, when he came 'home again, the treaty was to be concluded; 'and, in the mean time, he left his intended wife 'ten or twelve thouſand pounds, leſt any thing 'ſhould happen to him whilſt he was abroad.

'*Free.* He has left her in the care of ſome 'friend, has he not? Pray do you know any thing 'of him?

'*Fide.* Nothing farther than that his Name's 'Varniſh; and he's a man in whom the captain 'puts the greateſt confidence.'

Free. But if this Olivia be not handſome, what the devil can he ſee in her?

Fide.

Fide. He imagines her, I ſuppoſe, the only woman of truth and ſincerity in the world.

'*Free.* No common beauties, I muſt confeſs.

'*Fide.* But methinks he ſhould have had more 'than common proofs of them, before he truſted 'the bulk of his fortune in her hands.

'*Free.* Why, did he leave the ſum you mention 'actually in her cuſtody?

Fide. So I am told.

'*Free.* Then he ſhewed love to her indeed— 'But I'll go plead with him for you, and learn 'ſomething more of this wonderful fair one.'

SCENE X.

FIDELIA.

'Was ever woman in ſo ſtrange, ſo cruel a ſitu-'ation? As long as I have worn this diſguiſe, 'I cannot look at myſelf without aſtoniſhment; 'but when I conſider that I have run ſuch lengths 'for a man who knows not that I love him, and, 'if he did know it, would certainly reject my paſ-'ſion, I am ſtartled indeed. At the time I form-'ed the bold reſolution of going with him to ſea, I 'was ſenſible his affections were engaged to ano-'ther: why then did I embark in ſo raſh an ad-'venture? Becauſe I loved; and love is apt to 'buoy itſelf up with falſe hopes: he left the ob-'ject of his deſires behind: he took me with him; 'and, from that favourable circumſtance, I ſuf-'fered myſelf to be cheated with a thouſand fond 'imaginations—Here he comes, and I muſt avoid 'him. Oh, Fortune, Fortune! I have been indiſ-'creet; yet ſurely I may be puniſhed for my indiſ-'cretion with too great ſeverity.'

SCENE

SCENE XI.

MANLY, *dreſſed in his uniform, looking at his watch, followed by* FREEMAN.

'*Man.* 'Sdeath! 'tis paſt eleven o'clock, and I 'ſhould have been abroad before nine! But this 'comes of being peſtered with a pack of impertinent viſitors. Well, I am going out, and ſhall 'not return all day.

'*Free.* What, I ſuppoſe you are going to pay 'your devoirs to ſome great man now?

'*Man.* And why ſhould you ſuppoſe that?

'*Free.* Nay, faith, only becauſe I think 'tis what 'you ought to do; and I know 'tis what thoſe ſort 'of people expect.

'*Man.* Well, but if they expect it from me, 'they ſhall be diſappointed: I have done no-'thing to be afraid of, that I need ſollicit their 'intereſt by way of a ſkreen; and I leave thoſe to 'dance attendance who are more ſupple, and can 'play the parriſite better—If they want, let them 'come to me—No, I am going, at preſent, where 'I dare ſwear I ſhall be a welcome gueſt; and 'where I ought to have gone laſt night indeed; 'but I came to town too late for her regular 'hours.'

Free. Oh! I gueſs where you mean; to the lady I have ſo often heard you talk of. Methinks I would give a good deal to ſee this phœnomenon. She muſt needs be miſtreſs of very extraordinary charms to engage a perſon of your difficult diſpoſition.

Man. The charms of her perſon, though in them ſhe excells moſt of her ſex, are her meaneſt beauties: her tongue, no more than her face, ever

knew artifice: ſhe is all ſincerity; and hates the creeping, canting, hypocritical tribe, as I do; for which I love her, and I am ſure ſhe hates not me; for, as an inſtance of her inviolable attachment, when I was going to ſea, and ſhe found it impracticable to accompany me, ſhe inſiſted upon my ſuffering her to ſwear, that, in my abſence, ſhe would not liſten to the addreſſes of any other man; which oath—

Free. You thought ſhe would keep?

Man. Yes, for I tell you ſhe is not like the reſt of her ſex, but can keep her promiſe though ſhe has ſworn it: however, ſince your weak faith ſeems to doubt this miracle of a woman, I ſhall be at her houſe in an hour; come to me there; the volunteer will ſhew you the way; and we'll try how long your infidelity will be able to reſiſt conviction.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A dreſſing-room, a table and glaſs on one ſide. Enter OLIVIA, *followed by* ELIZA *and* LETTICE.

Oliv. Oh! horrid, abominable! Peace, couſin Eliza, or your diſcourſe will be my averſion—But you cannot be in earneſt, ſure, when you ſay you like the filthy world?

Eliz. You cannot be in earneſt, ſure, when you ſay you diſlike it? Come, come, couſin Olivia, I will never believe that a place which has ſuch a variety of charms for other women, ſhould have none for you. Pray what do you think of dreſſing and fine cloaths?

Oliv. Dreſſing! It is, of all things, my averſion: I hate dreſſing: and I declare ſolemnly—Mercy on us! Come hither, you dowdy—Heavens! what a figure you have made of my head to day!—Oh, hideous! I can't bear it! Did you ever ſee any thing ſo frightful?

Eliz. Well enough, couſin, if dreſſing be your averſion.

Oliv. It is ſo; and for variety of rich cloaths, they are more my averſion.

Lett. That's becauſe you wear them too long, madam.

Oliv. Inſatiable creature! I take my death I have not wore this gown above three times; and I have made up ſix or ſeven more within theſe two months.

Eliz. Then your averſion to them is not altogether ſo great.

Oliv. Alas! couſin, it is for my woman I wear them.

Eliz. But what do you think of viſits—balls!

Oliv. Oh! I deteſt them!

Eliz. Of plays?

Oliv. I abominate them—Filthy, obſcene, hideous things!

Eliz. What ſay you to the opera in winter, and to Ranelagh and Vauxhall in ſummer?—Or, if theſe want attractions to engage you, what ſay you to the court?

Oliv. The court, couſin! The court! My averſion, my averſion of all averſions!

Eliz. Well, but pr'ythee—

Oliv. Nay, don't attempt to defend the court; for, if you do, you will make me rail againſt it.

Eliz. To come nearer the point then,—pray what think you of a rich young huſband!

Oliv. Oh, rueful!—Marriage!—What a pleaſure you have found out!—I nauſeate the very thoughts on't.

Lett. Mahap, ma'am, my lady would rather like a generous, handſome, young lover.

Oliv. What do you mean, Mrs. impertinence, by talking ſuch ſtuff in my hearing? A handſome young lover! A lover, indeed! I hate men of all things; and I declare ſolemnly I would not let one into my doors.

SCENE

SCENE II.

OLIVIA, ELIZA, LETTICE, FOOT-BOY.

Boy. Madam, here's the gentleman to wait on you.

Oliv. On me, you little blockhead! Do you know what you ſay?

Boy. Yes, ma'am, 'tis the gentleman that comes every day to you.

Oliv. Hold your tongue, you little heedleſs animal, and get out of the room. This country boy, couſin, takes my muſic-maſter, mercer, and ſpruce milliner, for viſitors.

Lett. No, madam, 'tis Mr. Novel, I am ſure, by his talking ſo loud; I know his voice too, madam.

Oliv. You know nothing, you ſtupid creature! You would make my couſin believe I receive viſits —However, if it be your Mr.—

Lett. Mr. Novel, madam—

Oliv. Peace, will you! I'll hear no more of him—But, if it be your Mr.—I cannot think of his name again—I ſuppoſe he followed my couſin hither.

Eliz. No, couſin, I will not rob you of the honour of the viſit; it is to you, couſin, for I know him not.

'*Oliv.* Nor I neither, upon my honour couſin! 'Beſides, have not I told you that viſits, and the 'buſineſs of viſits, flattery and detraction, are my 'averſion? Do you then think I would admit 'ſuch a coxcomb as he; the ſcandal-carrier of the 'whole town, more impudently ſcurrilous than a 'party-libeller, who abuſes every perſon and every 'thing, and piques himſelf upon his talents for ri-'dicule.'

Eliz. I find you do know him, couſin; at leaſt have heard of him.

Oliv. Yes, now I remember I have heard of him.

Eliz. Well, but if he is ſuch a dangerous coxcomb, for heaven's ſake let him not come up: tell him, Mrs. Lettice, your lady is not at home.

Oliv. No, Lettice, tell him my couſin is here, and that he may come up; for, notwithſtanding I deteſt the ſight of him, you may like his converſation, and I will not be rude to you in my own houſe. Since he has followed you hither, let him come up, I ſay.

Eliz. Very fine! Let him go and be hang'd, I ſay, for me! I know him not, nor deſire it. Send him away, Mrs. Lettice.

Oliv. Upon my word ſhe ſhall not; I muſt diſobey your commands, to comply with your deſires. Mr. Novel!—Mr. Novel.

SCENE III.

OLIVIA, ELIZA, NOVEL.

Nov. I beg ten thouſand pardons, Madam! perhaps you are buſy; I did not know you had company.

Eliz. Yet he comes to me, couſin.

Oliv. Chairs there!—Pray, Sir, be ſeated.

'*Nov.* I ſhould have waited on you yeſterday 'evening, according to appointment; but I dined 'at a place where there is always ſuch a profuſion 'of good cheer, and ſo hearty a welcome, that 'one can never get away, while one has either ap-'petite or patience left—You know that ſurfeiting 'piece of hoſpitality, lady Autumn?' Ha, ha, ha!

ha! the nauſeous old fury at the upper end of her table.

Oliv. Revives the antient Grecian cuſtom of ſerving up a Death's head with their banquets. Oh, Gad; I deteſt her hollow cherry-cheeks! She looks like an old coach new painted, affecting an unſeemly ſmugneſs, while ſhe is ready to drop in pieces.

'*Nov.* Excellent! an admirable ſimile, upon 'my ſoul! But do, Madam, give me leave to 'paint her out to you a little, becauſe I am inti-'mately acquainted with the family.—You muſt 'know, ſhe is horridly angry if I don't dine at her 'houſe three times a week.

'*Oliv.* Nay, for that matter, any one is wel-'come to partake of her victuals who will be con-'tent to liſten to her ſtories of herſelf when ſhe was 'a young woman, and uſed to go with her fat 'Flanders mares, in her father's great gilt chariot, 'to take the air in Hyde Park.—Oh, couſin! I 'muſt tell you'———

Nov. What, Madam! I thought I was going to tell the lady; but perhaps you think nobody has wit enough to draw characters but yourſelf, in which caſe I have done.

Oliv. Nay, I ſwear, you ſhall tell us who you had there at dinner.

Nov. With all my heart, Madam, if you will condeſcend to liſten to me.

Oliv. Moſt patiently, Sir: pray ſpeak.

Nov. In the firſt place then, we had her daughter, whom I ſuppoſe you have ſeen.

Oliv. Seen! oh, I ſee her now! the very diſgrace to good cloathes, which ſhe always wears to heighten her deformity, not mend it; for ſhe is ſtill moſt ſplendidly, gallantly ugly! and looks like an ill piece of daubing in a rich frame.

Nov.

Nov. Very well, Madam! Have you done with her? And can you ſpare her a little to me?

Oliv. If you pleaſe, Sir.

Nov. In my opinion ſhe is like——

Oliv. She is, you would obſerve, like a city bride; the greater fortune, but not the greater beauty, for her dreſs.

Nov. Yet have you done, Madam?

Oliv. Pray, Sir, proceed.

Nov. Then ſhe——

Oliv. Ay, ſhe——

Eliz. I find, couſin, one may have a collection of all one's acquaintances pictures, at your houſe, as well as at Mr. Reynolds's, with this difference only, that his are handſome likeneſſes: to ſay the truth, you are the firſt of the profeſſion of portrait-painters, I ever knew without flattery.

Oliv. I draw from the life, couſin; paint every one in their proper colours.

Eliz. Oh! couſin, I perceive you hate detraction.

Oliv. But, Mr. Novel, who had you beſides at dinner?

'*Nov.* Ladies, I wiſh you a good morning!

'*Oliv.* 'Pſha! how can you be ſo provoking? 'Nay, I take my death you ſhall not go 'till you 'tell us the reſt of the company!' (*Stopping Novel, who riſes.*) 'Come, ſit down again: I long to 'hear who your men were; for I am ſure I am 'acquainted with ſome of them.'

Nov. We had no men there at all, Madam.

'*Oliv.* What, was not Sir Marmaduke Gimcrack 'with you?—I'll lay fifty pounds on't! for I know 'he is courting one of her ladyſhip's crooked 'nieces.—

Nov. Pray, Ma'am, let me go.

Oliv.

Oliv. Nay, I know another of your company, I hold you a wager of it.—Come, my Lord Plauſible dined with you too, who is couſin—

Eliz. You need not tell me what he is, couſin; for I know him to be a civil good-natured gentleman; who talks well of all the world, and is never out of humour.

Oliv. Hold, couſin! I hate detraction: but I muſt tell you he is a tireſome, inſipid coxcomb; without either ſenſe to ſee faults, or wit to expoſe them; in fine, he is of all things my averſion, and I never admit his viſits beyond my hall;

'*Nov.* No, he viſit you; damn him! he's never 'admitted to any one but worn out dowagers, and 'ſuperannuated maidens, who want to be flattered 'into conceit with themſelves; he has often ſtrove 'to ſcrape acquaintance with me, but I always took 'care.

SCENE IV.

OLIVIA, ELIZA, NOVEL, LORD PLAUSIBLE.

Hah! my dear my dear lord! let me embrace you.

Eliz. Well, this is pleaſant.

L. Plau. Your moſt faithful humble ſervant, generous Mr. Novel, and Madam, I am your eternal ſlave, and kiſs your fair hands, which I had done ſooner according to your orders—

Oliv. No excuſes, my lord, I know you muſt divide yourſelf; your company is too general a good to be engroſſed by any particular friend.

Eliz. You hate flattery, couſin.

L. Plau. Oh, Lord, Madam, my company! your moſt obliged faithful humble ſervant!—But I might have brought you good company indeed;

for I parted juſt now at your door, with two of the moſt ſenſible, worthy men.

Oliv. Who were they, my lord?

Nov. Who do you call the moſt ſenſible, worthy men?

L. Plau. Oh, Sir, two of the brighteſt characters of the preſent age; men of ſuch honour and virtue. Perhaps you may know them—Count Levant, and Sir Richard Court-Title.

Nov. Court-Title! Ha! ha! ha!

Oliv. And Count Levant! How can you keep ſuch a wretch company, my lord?

L. Plau. Oh, ſeriouſly, Madam, you are too ſevere: he is highly careſs'd by every body.

'*Oliv.* Careſs'd, my lord! why he was never 'three times in any company in his life, without 'being twice kicked out of it.'

Nov. And for Sir Richard!—

L. Plau. He is nice in his connections, and loves to chooſe thoſe he converſes with.

Oliv. He loves a lord indeed—

Nov. Or any thing with a title—

Oliv. Though he borrows his money, and never pays him again. 'Nay, he carries his paſſion for 'quality ſo far, that they ſay the creature has an 'intrigue among them; and half ſtarves his poor 'wife and family by keeping up a correſpondence 'with that over-grown piece of right honourable 'filthineſs, lady Bab Clumſey.'

L. Plau. Oh, Madam, he frequents her houſe, becauſe it is the tabernacle-gallant, the meeting-houſe for all the fine ladies and people of faſhion, about town.

Nov. Mighty fine ladies! There is firſt—

Oliv. Her honour, as fat as a hoſteſs.

L. Plau. She is ſomewhat plump indeed: a woman of a noble and majeſtick preſence.

Nov.

Nov. Then there's Miſs what d'ye call her—

Oliv. As ſluttiſh and ſlatternly as an Iriſh woman bred in France.

L. Plau. She has a prodigious fund of wit; and the handſomeſt heel, elbow, and tip of an ear, you ever ſaw.

Nov. Heel and elbow! Ha, ha, ha!

Eliz. I find you ſee all faults with lover's eyes, my lord.

L. Plau. Oh, Madam, your moſt obliged, faithful, very humble ſervant! to command!—

Nov. Pray, my lord, areyou acquainted with lady Sarah Dawdle?

L. Plau. Yes ſure, Sir, very well; and extremely proud I am of the great honour; for ſhe is a perſon whoſe wit, beauty, and conduct, nobody can call in queſtion.

Oliv. No!

Nov. No!—Pray, Madam, let me ſpeak.

Oliv. In the firſt place, can any one be called handſome that ſquints?

L. Plau. Her eyes languiſh a little, I own.

Nov. Languiſh! Ha, ha, ha!

Oliv. Languiſh!

Eliz. Well, this is to be borne no longer: couſin, I have ſome viſits to make this morning, and will take my leave.

Oliv. You will not, ſure; nay, you ſhall not venture my reputation, by leaving me with two men here.—You'll diſoblige me for ever—

Eliz. If I ſtay!—Your ſervant.

SCENE V.

OLIVIA, NOVEL, LORD PLAUSIBLE, MANLY *and* FOOTBOY.

'*Man.* Not at home? Not ſee me! I tell you 'ſhe is at home, and ſhe will ſee me—Let her know 'my name's Manly.'

'*Boy.* Well, but your honour, my lady's ſick, I 'dare not go to her.

'*Man.* Well, then I'll go to her.

'*Boy.* Help, Mrs. Lettice!—Help!—Here's 'the ſea-gentleman.

'*Oliv.* What noiſe is that?

'*Man.* My Olivia! 'Sdeath, what do I ſee: 'In cloſe converſation with theſe!

'*Oliv.* Hah, Manly! This is ſomewhat unex-'pected: however, I am prepared for him.

'*L. Plau.* Móſt noble and heroic captain, your 'moſt obliged, faithful, very humble—

'*Nov.* Captain Manly, your ſervant.

'*Man.* Away!—Madam—

'*Oliv.* Sir!

'*Man.* It ſeems, madam, as if I was an unwel-'come gueſt here: your foot-boy would hardly al-'low me admittance; at firſt he told me you were 'not at home. Indeed I did not expect to find you 'in ſuch good company.

'*Oliv.* I ſuppoſe, Sir, my ſervant had orders for 'what he did.

'*L. Plau.* Perhaps, madam, Mr. Novel and I 'incommode you; the captain and you may have 'ſomething to ſay, ſo we'll retire.

Nov.

'*Oliv.* Upon my honour, my lord, you ſhan't 'ſtir; the captain and I have nothing to ſay to one 'another, aſſure yourſelf, nor ever ſhall: 'tis only 'one of his mad freaks, for which you will make 'allowances; ſalt-water lovers, you know, will be 'boiſterous now and then.

'*Man.* Confuſion!

'*Nov.* We ſhall have a quarrel here preſently: 'I ſee ſhe's going to uſe him damnably.

'*Man.* What am I to think of this behaviour, 'madam?

'*Oliv.* Even what you pleaſe, good captain?'

Man. And is this the reception I meet with after an abſence——

'*Oliv.* And is this behaving like a gentleman, 'to force into a lady's apartment contrary to her in-'clinations? I ſuppoſe it is Wapping breeding: 'however, you are fitted for your ill manners.'

Man. I am fitted for believing you could not be fickle, though you were young; could not diſſemble love, tho' it was for your intereſt; nor be vain, though you were handſome; nor break your promiſe, tho' to a parting lover. But I take not your contempt of me worſe than your keeping company with and encouraging thoſe things here.

Nov. Things!

L. Plau. Let the captain railly a little.

Man. Yes, things. Dare you be angry, you thing?

Nov. No, ſince my lord ſays you ſpeak in raillery.

Man. And pray, madam, let me aſk you, what is it you find about them to entertain you? For example, this ſpark here: is it the merit of his faſhionable impudence, the briſkneſs of his noiſe, the wit of his laugh, or his judgment and fancy in his ſolitaire, that engages your eſteem?

Nov.

Nov. Very well, Sir! Egad theſe captains of ſhips'—

Man. Then, for this gentle piece of tame courteſy—

Oliv. Good, jealous captain, no more of your—

L. Plau: No, madam, let him go on; for perhaps he may make you laugh; and I would contribute to your pleaſure any way.

Man. Obliging coxcomb!

Oliv. No, noble captain, you cannot think any thing would tempt me more than that heroic title of yours, captain! for you know we women love honour inordinately.

Nov. Ha, ha, ha! I cannot hold; I muſt laugh at you, faith, Mr. Manly!

L. Plau. And, i'faith, dear captain, I beg your pardon and leave to laugh at you to; though I proteſt I mean you no hurt—

Man. Peace, you buffoons! And be not you vain that theſe laugh on your ſide; for they will laugh at their own dull jeſts: but no more of them, for I will only now ſuffer this lady to be witty.

Oliv. You would not have your panegyric interrupted: I go on then to your honour. Is there any thing more agreeable than the pretty oddity of that? Then the greatneſs of your courage! which moſt of all appears in your ſpirit of contradiction: for you dare give all mankind the lie; and your opinion is your only miſtreſs, for you renounce that too when it becomes another man's.

L. Plau. Ha, ha, ha!

Nov. Ha, ha, ha!

Man. Why, you impudent, pitiful wretches! You preſume, ſure, upon your effeminacy to urge me; for you are all things ſo like women, it might be thought cowardice to chaſtiſe you.

Oliv. No hectoring, good captain!

Man.

Man. Or perhaps you think this lady's preſence ſecures you; but have a care; ſhe hath talked herſelf out of all the reſpect I had for her; and, by uſing me ill before you, hath given me a priviledge of uſing you ſo before her—Therefore be gone immediately.

Nov. Begone! What?

L. Plau. Nay, worthy, noble, generous captain.

Man. Begone, I ſay!

Nov. Well, madam, we'll ſtep into the next room; you will not ſtay long with him, I ſuppoſe. Fal, lal!

SCENE VI.

MANLY, OLIVIA.

Oliv. Turn hither your rage, good captain Swagger-huff! and be ſaucy with your miſtreſs, like a true captain; but be civil to your rivals and betters; and do not threaten any thing but me here; no, not ſo much as my windows: do not think yourſelf in the lodgings of one of your ſuburb miſtreſſes beyond the Tower.

Man Do not you give me the cauſe to think ſo? For thoſe leſs infamous women part with their lovers, juſt as you did from me, with unforced vows of conſtancy and floods of willing tears; but the ſame winds bear away their lovers and their vows; and for their griefs, if the credulous, unexpected fools return, they find new comforters, ſuch as I found here; the mercenary love of theſe women too, ſuffer ſhipwreck with their lover's fortune: you have heard chance has uſed me indifferently, and you do ſo too. Well, perſevere in your ingratitude, falſhood, and diſdain; be conſtant in ſomething, and I promiſe to be as juſt to your

your real ſcorn as I was to your feign'd love; and henceforward deſpiſe, loath, and deteſt you moſt faithfully.

Oliv. I'll wait upon you again in a minute.

SCENE VII.

MANLY, FIDELIA, FREEMAN.

'*Free.* How now, captain!

'*Man.* Pray keep out of my way, don't ſpeak 'to me.

'*Fide.* Dear Sir, what's the matter?

'*Man.* Blockhead!——Oh, Freeman! I have 'been ſo cheated, ſo abuſed, by this perfidious—

'*Free.* Nay, Sir, you need not tell us, for we 'have been, for ſome time, within hearing in the 'next room. But now, I hope, you will act as 'becomes you.'

Man. I hope ſo too.

Fide. Do you but hope it, Sir?

Man. She has reſtored my reaſon with my heart.

Free. But there are other things, captain, which, next to a man's heart, he would not part with, and methinks ſhe ought to reſtore too; I mean your money and jewels, Sir; which I underſtand ſhe has.

Man. What's that to you, Sir?

Free. Pardon me; whatever belongs to you, I have a ſhare in I am ſure, which I will not loſe for want of aſking; though you may be too generous, or too angry, now to do it yourſelf.

Fide. Nay, then I'll make bold too—

Man. Hold, you impertinent, officious—How have I been deceived!

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

MANLY, FIDELIA, FREEMAN, OLIVIA.

'*Free.* Madam, excuſe this liberty—but we are 'captain Manly's friends, and have accidentally 'been witneſſes to your diſagreement!

'*Oliv.* And what am I to infer from thence, Sir?'

Free. Why then, Madam, there are certain appurtenances to a lover's heart, called jewels, which always go along with it.

Fide. And with lovers, Madam, have no value, but from the heart they come with—Our captain's, it ſeems, you ſcorn to keep, much more thoſe worthleſs things without it, I am confident.

Oliv. I underſtand you, gentlemen. Captain, your young friend here has a very perſuading face, I muſt confeſs; but you might have aſked me yourſelf for thoſe trifles you left with me, which —Hark you a little—for I dare truſt ye with a ſecret, you are a man of ſo much honour I'm ſure. —I ſay then, conſidering the chance of war, the danger of the ſeas, and being in doubt whether you might ever return again, I have delivered your jewels and money to—

Man. Whom?

Oliv. My huſband.

Man. Your huſband!

Oliv. Ay, my huſband. For ſince you could leave me, I am lately, and privately married to one, who is a man of ſo much honour and experience, that I dare not aſk him for your things again to reſtore them to you, leſt he ſhould conclude you never would have parted with them to me, on any

other ſcore than the exchange of my virtue; which, rather than you would bring into ſuſpicion——

Man. Triumphant impudence!—Married!

Oliv. There's no reſiſting one's deſtiny, or love, you know.

'*Man.* Damnation!

'*Oliv.* Oh, don't ſwear!'—'Tis true, my huſband is now abſent in the country; however, he returns ſhortly; therefore I beg, for your own eaſe and quiet, and my reputation, you will never ſee me more.

Man. I wiſh I never had ſeen you!

'*Oliv.* You may perceive by this, how great a 'dependance I have upon your friendſhip: I am 'ſenſible every man might not be talked to in 'the ſame manner; but your uncommon delicacy 'of thinking, will, I am ſure, feel for a perſon in 'my nice circumſtances.

'*Man.* True, perfect woman! and if I could 'ſay any thing more injurious to you, I would— 'Leave me; go!—Leſt I ſhould be tempted to 'do ſomething, which may hereafter make me 'think as meanly of myſelf, as I do now of you.

'*Oliv.* Sir, it is a maxim with me, never to ſtay 'in any place where my company is diſagreeable: 'I obey you with all willingneſs—Young gentle-'man, your ſervant!

SCENE IX.

MANLY, FIDELIA, FREEMAN, FOOTBOY.

Boy. Mrs. Lettice, here are Madam Blackacre and Major Oldfox, to wait on my lady.

Man. Do you hear that? Let's be gone before ſhe comes.

Free.

Free. Excuſe me; the widow is the very game I have in view; I wanted juſt ſuch an opportunity to attack her—And if you will take my advice, you'll ſtay too; if it be only to ſee this Major Oldfox, her ſupernumerary 'ſquire, her occaſional gentleman-uſher: he is a character I aſſure you.

Man. No; confound him, he is as bad as the cockatrice herſelf, whom I would avoid as a ſinking ſhip, and the whole ſex for ever.

SCENE X.

FREEMAN, MRS. BLACKACRE, JERRY, MAJOR OLDFOX.

Mrs. Black. 'Tis an errant ſea-ruffian! I thought he would have puſh'd us down, Major. Jerry, where's my paper of memorandums? Give it me. So! where's my couſin Olivia, now? My kind relation!

Free. Here's one that would be your kind relation, Madam.

Mrs. Black. Hey day, who is this wild rude fellow?

'*Jer.* Why, don't you know him?—It's the man 'that wanted to fall a board you at captain Man-'ley's this morning.'

Old. Pray be civil to the lady, Mr. ——, ſhe is a perſon of quality—A perſon, that is, no perſon—

Free. Yes, but ſhe is a perſon that is a widow. Be you civil to her; becauſe you are to pretend only to be her 'ſquire, to arm her to her lawyer's chambers: but I will be impudent and forward: for ſhe muſt love and marry me.

'*Mrs. Black.* Marry come up; you ſaucy, fami-'liar puppy! Marry you! Gad forgive me!

'now-a-days every idle young raſcal, with a laced 'waiſtcoat, and a bit of a black ribbon in his hat, 'thinks to carry away any widow of the beſt de-'gree.'

Old. No, no, ſoft! you are a young man, and not fit; beſides, others have laid in their claims before you.

Free. Not you, I hope.

Old. Why not I, Sir? Sure I am a much more proportionable match for her than you, Sir: I, who am a perſon of rank, and means in the world; and of equal years——

Mrs. Black. How's that? you unmannerly—I would have you to know I was born in Ann ſecun Georgii prim———

Old. Your pardon, Madam, your pardon; be not offended—But I ſay, Sir, you are a beggarly younger brother; twenty years younger than ſhe; without any land or ſtock, but your great ſtock of impudence: therefore what pretenſions can you have to her?

'*Mrs. Black.* And what pretenſions have you, 'Major? Go and ſolicit a brevet for Chelſea Hoſ-'pital, you old mummy! Air yourſelf there un-'der the cloyſters; ſmoke your pipe, and make 'love to your laundreſs: you ſhall have a widow 'with three thouſand pounds a year, you ſhall, you 'barbarous brute!'

Old. How, Madam!

Free. Ha, ha, ha!

Jer. Well ſaid mother! uſe all ſuitors thus for my ſake.

Mrs. Black. A ſenſeleſs, impertinent, quib-bling, ſcribbling, feeble, paralytick, conceited, ridiculous, pretending old bellweather.

Jer. Hey! brave mother, for calling of names!

Mrs.

Mrs. Black. Would you make a caudle-maker, a nurſe of me? Can't you be bed-rid without a bed-fellow? Won't your ſwan-ſkins, furs, flannels, and the ſcorched trencher, keep you warm there? Wou'd you make me your Scotch warming pan, with a plague to you!

Jer. Ay, you old Fobus, and you would be my guardian, would you? to take care of my eſtate, that half of it ſhould never come to me, by letting long leaſes at pepper-corn rents?

Mrs. Black. If I would have married an old man, 'tis well known I might have married an earl.—Nay, what's more, a judge! and been cover'd the winter nights with the lamb-ſkins, which I prefer to the ermines of nobles. And do you think I would wrong my poor minor here, for you?

Free. Your minor is a chopping minor; Heaven bleſs him!

Old. Your minor may be a major of horſe or foot, for his bigneſs: and it ſeems you will have the cheating of your minor yourſelf.

Mrs. Black. Pray, Sir, bear witneſs: cheat my minor! I'll bring my action of the caſe, for the ſlander.

Free. Nay, I would bear falſe witneſs for you now, widow, ſince you have done me juſtice, and thought me the fitter man.

Mrs. Black. Fair and ſoftly, Sir! 'tis my minor's caſe more than my own: and now I muſt do him juſtice on you. And, firſt, you are, to my knowledge, for I am not unacquainted with you—a debauch'd, drunken, hectoring, lewd, gaming ſpendthrift: a worn-out rake at five and twenty, both in body and eſtate: a cheating, lying, cozening, impudent fortune-hunter! and would patch up your own broken income with the ruins of my jointure.

Jer.

Jer. Ay, and make havock of our eſtate perſonal, and of all our gilt plate—'I ſhould ſoon be 'picking up our ſilver handled knives, and forks, 'ſpoons, mugs, and tankards, at moſt of the pawn-'brokers between the Hercules Pillars, and the 'Boatſwain at Wapping.' And you would be ſcouring among my trees, and making them play at loggerheads, would you?

Mrs. Black. I would have you to know, you pitiful, paltry, lath-backed fellow, if I would have married a young man, it is well known I might have had any young heir in Norfolk; nay, the hopefulleſt young man, this day at the King's Bench Bar; I, that am a relict, and executrix of known plentiful aſſets and parts, who underſtand myſelf and the law; and would you have me under covert baron again? No, Sir, no covert baron for me.

Free. Well, but dear Madam———

Mrs. Black. Fie, fie! I neglect my buſineſs with this fooliſh diſcourſe of love———Jerry, child, let me ſee a liſt of the jury, I am ſure my couſin Olivia muſt have ſome acquaintance among them: but where is ſhe?

Free. Will you not allow me one word then?

Mrs. Black. No, no, Sir: have done, pray.

Old. Ay, pray, Sir, have done, and don't be troubleſome; ſince you ſee the lady has no occaſion for you, though you are a younger brother. Ha, ha, ha!

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Changes to a view of Saint James's Park; MANLY *enters alone muſing.*

'How irkſome is reſtraint to a mind naturally 'averſe to hypocriſy! Yet I, who uſed to give 'birth to my thoughts as freely as I conceived 'them; I, who was wont to ſpeak without reſerve 'to every body, am now endeavouring even to de-'ceive myſelf—That ingrateful woman! in whom 'I placed ſuch unlimitted confidence! into whoſe 'keeping I had given my heart, my judgment, 'nay, my very ſenſes! 'Sdeath! had a man treated 'me ill, reſentment would at once have cancelled 'regard, and revenge have prevented vexation: 'but here I am obliged to ſide with my enemy, 'and increaſe the injuries ſhe hath done me by lov-'ing her in ſpite of them.'

SCENE II.

MANLY, FIDELIA.

'*Fide.* Sir, have I liberty to ſpeak to you?

'*Man.* What would you ſay? You ſee this is 'no place to talk in; don't trouble me now.

'*Fide.* I ſhall not detain you long, Sir; and you 'may bear to hear two or three words from me, 'though you do hate me, as you have often ſaid.

'*Man.* I muſt confeſs I hate a flatterer: why 'will you not learn to be a man; and ſcorn that 'mean, that ſneaking vice?

Fide.

'*Fide.* Perhaps I am to blame, Sir; but I do 'not come to offend you, at preſent—I have ſome-'thing to tell you, if you will vouchſafe to liſten 'to me—Who do you think I met on the other ſide 'of the Park juſt now, Sir?

'*Man.* Nay, how ſhould I know?' Pr'ythee, kind impertinence, leave me. You are as hard to ſhake off, as that obſtinate, effeminate miſchief love.

Fide. Love, Sir! Did you name love?

Man. No, no! Pr'ythee away! Begone!—I had almoſt diſcovered my ſhame, my weakneſs; which muſt draw on the deriſion even of this boy.

'*Fide.* There is ſomething, Sir, that makes you 'uneaſy: am I not worthy to be acquainted with 'the cauſe?

'*Man.* What cauſe, child? Nothing makes me 'uneaſy; a little involuntary thoughtfulneſs, that's 'all. But you ſay you met ſomebody in the Park 'juſt now; who was it?

'*Fide.* Why really, Sir, on ſecond thoughts, I 'don't know how to mention her name to you: 'but it was that creature, that wretch, that—

'*Man.* That who? Who is it you are going 'to ſpeak of now, that you preface your diſcourſe 'with all this bitterneſs of invective?

'*Fide.* Why, Sir, that monſter of ingratitude, 'Olivia.

'*Man.* Olivia!

'*Fide.* Yes, Sir.

'*Man.* Well, and how?

'*Fide.* Nay, not much, Sir; only ſhe called me 'over to her as I was croſſing the Mall, and would 'feign have had me gone home to her houſe; 'where ſhe ſaid ſhe had ſomething to communicate: 'but, for my part, I could hardly bear to look at 'her, much leſs afford her an opportunity for con-

'verſation—

'verſation—Pray, Sir, don't you think ſhe has a 'moſt forbidding countenance?

'*Man.* I can't ſay I ever obſerv'd it.

'*Fide.* Then her ſhape is, by no means, one of 'the beſt.

'*Man.* Indeed!

'*Fide.* But I hope, Sir, your eyes are now as 'open to her deformities as they muſt be to her 'perfidiouſneſs; and that you will never think of 'her any more—But why do I mention that—You 'never can think of her without bringing your 'good ſenſe, nay, your reputation, in queſtion: 'for, after ſuch unworthy, ſuch infamous uſage—

'*Man.* Confuſion! Who told you, Sir, ſhe had 'uſed me ill?

'*Fide.* Why, Sir, was not I a witneſs?

'*Man.* 'Sdeath, ſirrah, if ever I hear you mut-'ter ſuch a word again, I'll ſhake you into atoms! 'How am I expoſed and rendered contemptible— 'It is enough that I think, I have nothing to 'complain of—I am perfectly well ſatisfy'd with 'her conduct—Do you mark?—perfectly well ſa-'tisfy'd.

'*Fide.* Very well, Sir! I have done.

'*Man.* Oh, the curſe of being conſcious of a 'weakneſs one is aſham'd to divulge! Hold, Sir! 'come hither'——Have you reſolution enough to endure the torture of a ſecret; for ſuch to ſome is inſupportable.

'*Fide.* I would keep it as ſafe, as if your dear precious life depended upon it.

Man. It concerns more than my life, my honour.

Fide. Doubt me not, Sir.

Man. And do not diſcover it by too much fear of diſcovering—D'ye mark?—But, above all things, take care that Freeman find it not out.

Fide. I warrant you, Sir.

'*Man.* Then know I love Olivia; dote on her: 'her ingratitude and diſdain, like oil thrown into 'the flames, have only made my paſſion burn the 'fiercer.

'*Fide.* Oh, heavens!

'*Man.* You ſay ſhe met you juſt now, and 'wanted you to go home with her, in order to 'communicate ſomething: who knows what that 'might be—Perhaps ſhe hath repented her beha-'viour this morning—Perhaps it was the reſult of 'paſſion, of affectation, or was meant to try me: 'in ſhort, I can aſſign a thouſand reaſons for it, 'beſides that one of change in her affections; for, 'I am ſure, once ſhe loved me.

'*Fide.* Hang her, diſſembling creature! Love 'you! It was only for her own intereſt then.

'*Man.* Well, well, no matter; but, I tell you, 'I know better: I am ſure once ſhe did love me.

'*Fide.* Indeed, Sir, ſhe never cared for you.

'*Man.* Will you have done, Sir!

'*Fide.* Beſides, Sir, did ſhe not tell you ſhe was 'married?

'*Man.* Well, well, but that might be artifice 'too—'Sdeath, Sir! will you liſten to me, or go 'about your buſineſs, and never let me ſee you 'more?

'*Fide.* I beg pardon, Sir.

'*Man.* I ſay you ſhall go to her houſe, and hear 'what this buſineſs is.

'*Fide.* I go to her houſe, Sir? I would ſooner 'go—

'*Man.* No heſitating, Sir! I ſay you muſt: ſhe 'lives but in the next ſtreet.

'*Fide.* Indeed, Sir, I can't go there.

'*Man.* No, Sir!

'*Fide.* Beſides, Sir, conſider: you ſcorned her 'this morning.

'*Man.* I know not what I did this morning: I 'diſſembled this morning.—What, are you not 'gone yet!

'*Fide.* Well, Sir, now I think on't I will go: 'for, perhaps, this is a ſting of conſcience; and 'ſhe hath a mind to make ſome recompence for 'her ill uſage of you, by returning your mo-'ney and jewels: methinks I feign would have 'them out of her hands.

'*Man.* Stay, Sir; if ſhe drops the leaſt hint of 'any ſuch thing, I charge you come away imme-'diately, and do not ſtay even to give her an an-'ſwer.

'*Fide.* Well, but, dear Sir, only let me ſpeak 'one word—

'*Man.* I'll not hear a ſyllable: you'll find me in 'Weſtminſter-hall: begone!

SCENE III.

Changes to Weſtminſter-hall; *a crowd of people, ſerjeants, counſellors, and attornies, walking buſily about. Enter* MRS. BLACKACRE *in the middle of half a dozen lawyers,* JERRY *following with a green bag.*

Mrs. Black. Offer me a reference, you ſaucy blockhead! Do you know who you ſpeak to? Are you a ſollicitor in Chancery, and offer a reference? Mr. Serjeant Ploddon, here's a fellow has the impudence to offer me a reference.

Plod. Who's that has the impudence to offer a reference within theſe walls?

Mrs. Black. Nay, for a ſplitter of cauſes to do it!

Plod. No, Madam, to a lady learned in the law as you are, the offer of a reference were to impoſe upon you.

Mrs. Black. No, never fear me for a reference, Mr. Serjeant—But come, have not you forgot your brief? Are you ſure you ſhall not make the miſtake of——Hark you—

SCENE IV.

MAJOR OLDFOX, MRS. BLACKACRE, JERRY, BOOKSELLER.

Mrs. Black. Come, Mr. Splitcauſe, pray go ſee when my cauſe in Chancery comes on: and go ſpeak with Mr. Quillet in the King's Bench; and Mr. Quirk in the Common Pleas; and ſee how matters go there.

Old. Madam, I have the pleaſure to bid you good morrow once again; and may all your cauſes go as proſperouſly, as if I myſelf was to be the judge of them.

Mrs. Black. Sir, excuſe me, I am buſy, and cannot anſwer compliments in Weſtminſter-hall. Go, Mr. Splitcauſe, and come to me again at the Bookſeller's.

Old. No, Sir, come to the lady at the other bookſeller's: if you pleaſe, Madam, I'll attend you thither.

Mrs. Black. And why to the other bookſeller's major?

Old. Becauſe, Madam, he is my bookſeller.

Mrs. Black. To ſell you lozenges for your cough, or ſalve for your corns? What elſe can a major deal with a bookſeller for?

Old. Madam, he publiſhes for me.

'*Mrs. Black.* Publiſhes! oh, that's true, I for-
'got—You are an author.

'*Old.* Now and then, Madam, now and then—
'the good of one's country, you know.

'*Mrs. Black.* And pray, Major, what are your
'books upon?

'*Old.* Deign you, Madam, to peruſe one of
'them! There is a thing of mine lately come
'out; and I'll aſſure you, a certain great perſon
'whom I preſented it to, was pleaſed to pay me a
'compliment in the Court of Requeſts.——

'*Book.* Do you want any thing, Madam? We
'have all the plays, magzines, and new pamphlets.

'*Mrs. Black.* Have you the Lawyer's Maga-
'zine?

'*Book.* We have no law books at all, Madam.

'*Mrs. Black.* No! you are a pretty bookſeller!

'*Old.* Come hither, young man—Has your
'maſter got any of my laſt pamphlet left?

'*Book.* Yes, Sir, we have got enough of them;
'we never had above two or three called for, be-
'ſides what you took away yourſelf.

'*Old.* May be ſo, may be ſo: the thing is not
'ſufficiently known yet. Well, let me ſee a
'couple (*gets them*) It is intitled, Madam, "A
"Letter to a certain great Man, on the preſent
"Poſture of Affairs," And if you will condeſcend
'to accept one, ex dono auctoris.

'*Jer.* Hoh, hoh, hoh! (*laughing at a pamphlet
'behind.*)

'*Mrs. Black.* Jerry, what have you got there?

'*Jer.* Why—nothing——

'*Mrs. Black.* Nothing! Let me look at that
'book—Rocheſter's Jeſts!—A very pretty ſtudy
'truly. Give him the Young Clerk's Guide.

'*Old.* No, no, give the young gentleman my
'Treatiſe upon Military Diſcipline.

'*Mrs.*

'*Mrs. Black.* Away with ſuch traſh! Do you 'want to ſend him to the devil headlong? I 'ſhould have him teazing me to morrow or next 'day, to buy him an enſign's commiſſion. I would 'as lief he ſhould read a play.

'*Jer.* Well, and what if I did? There's very 'good diſcourſe to be got out of plays, for all you.

'*Mrs. Black.* Sirrah, ſirrah! Don't let me hear 'ſuch a word out of your mouth. What has 'ſpoil'd moſt of the attornies clerks in London, 'but turning criticks, and running every night to 'the playhouſes at half price; and do you want to 'follow their example?—Stay, Jerry!' Is not that Mr. what d'ye call him, goes yonder, he that offered to ſell me a ſuit in chancery for five hundred pounds, for an hundred down, and only paying the clerk's fees?

Jer. Yes, that's he.

Mrs. Black. Its the cheapeſt thing I ever heard of—Stay here, and have a care of the bags, while I go and talk with him.—Have a care of the bags, I ſay——

Jer. Have a care of the fiddle's end, I ſay: Gad, I am ſure I lead a dog's life with you.

SCENE V.

FREEMAN, MAJOR OLDFOX, JERRY, BOOKSELLER.

'*Free.* So, here's a limb of my widow that uſed 'to be inſeparable from her: ſhe can't be far— 'How now, Major!

'*Old.* What do you mean by that, Sir?—Who 'are you, Sir? What are you, Sir?

'*Free.*

'*Free.* Nay, my dear Don Cholerick, don't 'ſnap my noſe off.

'*Old.* Sir, you are a very impertinent fellow, 'Sir!—And Sir—Squire, where's your mother?

'*Jer.* Oh, what you were ſo intent upon read-'ing your works, you let her give you the ſlip, 'did you? Well, yonder ſhe is, talking to that 'weazle-face man in the big wig—Hobble after 'her.

'*Old.* An unmannerly, inſignificant, ignorant '—I ſhall take notice of you, Mr. Sea-lieutenant, 'I ſhall take notice of you!'

SCENE VI.

FREEMAN, JERRY, BOOKSELLER.

Jer. Look you, maſter, I'll tell you what it is—I'll buy that book of Choice Sayings from you, if ſo be you'll take half a crown for it, and ſtay 'till lawyer Split-cauſe comes to lend me the money to pay you.

Free. Lend you! Here, I'll pay him—I am ſorry, 'ſquire, a man of your eſtate ſhould want money.

Jer. Why, I am not at age yet, you muſt underſtand.

Free. At age! You are at age already man, to have ſpent a fortune: there are younger than you, who to my knowledge have kept their girls theſe three years; ruined half a dozen tradeſmen, and loſt as many thouſand pounds at play. 'But what 'is the reaſon, ſquire, that you will not give your 'conſent to my marrying your mother?

'*Jer.* Why you would not be ſuch a fool, would 'you?

'*Free.*

'*Free.* Why I would not be a fool if I could 'help it: but has not ſhe a good jointure?

'*Jer.* A good jointure! If ſhe has ſhe knows 'what to do with it: ſhe will let nobody have a 'finger in the pye but herſelf, I can tell you that. 'Come a little this way—Why, you would not 'believe what an old plague my mother is; ſhe'll 'never allow me ſix-pence in my pocket, ſo that 'I am aſhamed to go into company, becauſe I 'have not wherewithal to call for a glaſs of wine 'and do as the reſt do.—And, for a wench!—I 'was but making a little fun with our laundreſs's 'daughter upon the ſtair-caſe, the other night, and 'ſhe threatened to ſend the poor girl to Bridewell.

'*Free.* Sure!

'*Jer.* Upon my word ſhe did! Oh, you don't 'know what a woman ſhe is.'

Free. Well, but ſquire, methinks this might eaſily be remedied: if I was you, I would go to law with her.

Jer. Law! Lord help your head! Why ſhe is as big a lawyer as any in our inn; and would not deſire better ſport—Beſides, I would not care to do that, for fear ſhe ſhould marry out of ſpite, and cut down my trees. I ſhould hate to ſee my father's wife kiſs'd and ſlopt by another man—and our trees are the pureſt, nice, ſhady, even twigs!

Free. Come, ſquire, let your mother and your trees fall as ſhe pleaſes, rather than go of this faſhion all your life—But you ſhall be able to deal with her the right way.

Jer. Nay, if I had any friend to ſtand by me, I would ſhew her a trick worth two of it, I can tell you that.

Free. Suppoſe I was to be your friend! Look you, ſquire, I don't uſe to profeſs much; however, there's a triſle for your preſent occaſions.

Jer.

Jer. Oh, Lord, Sir! Two guineas! Do you lend me this? Is there no trick in it? Well, Sir, I'll give you my bond for ſecurity.

Free. No, no, you have given me your face for ſecurity; any one would ſwear you do not look like a cheat: and come to me whenever you will and you ſhall have what money you pleaſe of me.

Jer. By my ſoul he's a curious fine gentleman! but may I depend upon you? Will you ſtand by me?

Free. Here's my hand.

Jer. That's enough. Never ſtir, but the next croſs word my mother gives me, but I'll leave her directly, and come off to you—'But now I have 'got money, I'll go pay the man at the gate two 'ſhillings I owe him, for I believe the poor ſoul 'wants it; and his wife has been two or three 'times at chambers to dun me.'

SCENE VII.

FREEMAN, MANLY, MRS. BLACKACRE, MAJOR OLDFOX.

Man. Confound your cauſe! Can't you loſe it without me? which you are like enough to do, if it be as you ſay, an honeſt one: I'll ſuffer for it no longer.

Mrs. Black. Nay, but captain, you are my chief witneſs — And Mr. Splitcauſe tells me we are pricked down for the next hearing. Lord, methinks you ſhould take pleaſure in walking here, as half you ſee now do; for they have no buſineſs here I aſſure you.

Man. Yes, but I aſſure you then, their buſineſs is to perſecute me---'Sdeath! I can't turn, but one puppy or other has me by the ſleeve, with impertinent enquiries or fulſome compliments: I have been acting the ſign of the Salutation this half hour, with a bow'd body, and my hat off, to one of your law ſerjeant's yonder; while he was loading me with profeſſions of ſervice and friendſhip, though in all probability he cared not if I was at the devil; and I was wiſhing him hanged out of my way.

'*Mrs. Black.* Well, well, Sir, compoſe your-
'ſelf a little, and every thing ſhall be made agree-
'able.—Jerry, why Jerry!—Mercy on me, Ma-
'jor, did not you leave my ſon here?

'*Old.* Yes, Madam, but perhaps the young
'gentleman is ſtept aſide.

'*Mrs. Black.* Jerry Blackacre!

'*Free.* Your ſon will be here in a minute, Ma-
'dam, he's only juſt gone out of the hall about a
'little buſineſs.

'*Mrs. Black.* Out of the hall! Gads my life!
'—Out of the hall!

'*Free.* Don't make yourſelf uneaſy, Madam;
'I'll anſwer for it he'll come to no miſchief.

'*Mrs. Black.* Sir, I don't direct my diſcourſe
'to you———But I'll ſo rate this careleſs jack-
'anapes—Come along, Major, and help me to
'look for him.'

SCENE VIII.

MANLY, FREEMAN.

Free. Well, Sir, how have you paſs'd your time ſince you came here? You have had a great deal of patience, ſure.

Man. Patience indeed! for I have drawn but one quarrel and two law-ſuits, upon me, ſince I came in.

Free. The devil! How could you quarrel here?

Man. How could I refrain? A lawyer talked peremptorily and ſaucily to me, and as good as gave me the lye.

Free. They do that ſo often to one another at the bar, they make no ceremony of it elſewhere.

Man. However, I gave him a cuff on the ear; whereupon he jogs two men, whoſe backs were turned towards us, to witneſs I ſtruck him in the courts; which office they ſo readily promiſed, that I called them raſcals and ſcoundrels; upon which, one of them called two other abſent witneſſes, who were coming towards us at a diſtance, while the other, with a whiſper, deſired to know my name, that he might have ſatisfaction by way of challenge, as his brother by way of writ——But let's get off, for I ſee another quarrel coming upon me.

Free. What do you mean?

Man. Aſk no queſtions, but walk this way.

SCENE X.

MANLY, FREEMAN, NOVEL.

'*Nov.* Hey! Captain! Captain Manly!

'*Man.* What now?

'*Nov.* I beg pardon; but I thought it was you. 'Have you been in the houſe, hearing the debates? 'What are they upon to-day?

'*Man.* Conſidering what paſſed between you and 'me, at our laſt interview, Sir, I cannot help be-'ing a little aſtoniſhed at the familiarity of this ſa-'lutation.

'*Nov.* Pho, pho! a mere trifle. Don't mention 'it—It has been a very fine morning, Sir.

'*Free.* Yes, Sir, the weather has been toler-'able.

'*Nov.*

'*Nov.* It was very cold yeſterday.

'*Free.* I believe it might, Sir.

'*Nov.* Captain, what do you think brings me to 'Weſtminſter-hall?

'*Man.* Why, I ſuppoſe ſomebody has thraſhed 'you lately for being impertinent, and you are 'come to take the law of them.

'*Nov.* No, that's not it. But I ſuppoſe you 'have heard———

'*Man.* Heard what?

'*Nov.* Why that I am to be play'd the Devil 'with; coſts and damages, and the Lord knows 'what.

'*Man.* No, really, I have heard nothing about 'the matter: but what is it? tho' I'm ſure you 'are in the wrong before you tell me.

'*Nov.* Why, you muſt know, Sir---Ha, ha, ha! 'Upon my ſoul it is ſo ridiculous a circumſtance, 'that I can hardly think of it without laughing.--- 'You muſt know, Sir, I was ſome time ago at the 'houſe of a conſiderable merchant in the City, 'where a certain lady's name was brought up; and 'in the courſe of the converſation I happened to 'mention ſome things which I had heard, and 'which all the world believe to be fact, egad! 'However, as you may gueſs, I did not imagine 'the diſcourſe would have gone any further.

'*Free.* But I ſuppoſe the lady had a friend in 'company, ſir.

'*Nov.* Oh, ſir! I know how the matter came 'about now---Yes, yes, the woman of the houſe 'was her ſiſter-in-law, which I never dreamt of: 'the intolerable Jezabel went and told her every 'thing that paſſed: an attorney came the next 'morning to ſerve me with a copy of a writ; and 'now they have brought me here to make me 'prove my words, as they call it.

'*Man.*

'*Man.* And pray, ſir, what was it you ſaid of 'the lady?

'*Nov.* Nothing, nothing; ſome ſtory that I 'heard about her cuckolding her huſband; that 'was all.

'*Man.* I hope ſhe may trounce you ſeverely; 'nay, and I hope what you ſaid of her was true; 'that you may be made the more glaring example.

'*Nov.* Well, but my dear creature! how can 'you be ſo inhuman, to a perſon that never did 'you any injury?

'*Man.* Becauſe I would have ſuch miſchievous 'triflers as you are, puniſhed for your tattling and 'effeminacy: I would have you taught the differ-'ence between Satire and Defamation; and learn 'ſome other topic for your nonſenſical converſa-'tions, beſides the character and conduct of the 'abſent: you male members of the tea-table, who 'are, if poſſible, worſe enemies to women, than 'they are to one another.

'*Nov.* Well, upon my honour, this is pleaſant! 'Eſpecially from you, who are remarkable for 'abuſing all the world.

'*Man.* Do you hear him, Freeman? Plain-'dealing may well be in diſrepute, when 'tis con-'founded with Impudence and Scandal: but if I 'ſtay here any longer, I find I ſhall be tempted 'to beat him.

'*Free.* Nay, prithee don't leave us.

'*Man.* Yes, yes, I muſt; I ſhall bring myſelf 'into another ſcrape elſe: beſides, I ſee a perſon 'juſt now come into the hall that looks for me--- 'Stand out of the way.

SCENE

SCENE XI.

FREEMAN, NOVEL.

'*Nov.* This is a ſad brutiſh fellow, ſir; I wonder you will keep him company.

'*Free.* Why, faith, ſir, I don't know how it is; I think I am bewitch'd to him, for my part--- and yet, hang him! he has ſome good qualities too, when one comes to be thoroughly acquainted with him.

Nov. Ay, Sir! Pray what may they be, for I never could find them out.

'*Free.* Why, I think 'tis generally agreed, Sir, that he has a tolerable good underſtanding.

'*Nov.* Why really I have heard people ſay ſo, and yet to me he has always appear'd the ſtupideſt animal breathing.

'*Free.* Then as to courage.—It muſt be allowed he is Brave.

'*Nov.* He is quarrelſome, if you pleaſe; but his bravery I fancy will admit of ſome diſpute. You have heard no doubt of his late affair with the French?

'*Free.* Ay, Sir; what of that?

'*Nov.* Why, I ſhould not care to have my name mentioned as the author of ſuch a thing; but I aſſure you there are ſome very odd reports fly about; and this I believe you may depend upon, that he will be brought to a court martial for his behaviour on that occaſion.

'*Free.* I am glad to hear this, Sir, with all my heart? for you muſt know I happened to be a partner in the action you mention.

'*Nov.* Were you, Sir?

'*Free.* Yes, faith, but I was ignorant 'till now, of the dangerous ſituation we were in; however,

'ever, I am extremely obliged to you for your 'intelligence: as I dare ſwear the captain will be--

'*Nov.* Yonder goes my attorney — I'll juſt 'ſpeak two or three words to him and be back 'with you again in an inſtant.

'*Free.* Hold, Sir! we muſt not part ſo. You 'muſt go along with me, Sir, and tell this ſtory 'to captain Manly.

'*Nov.* Sir, I have not time at preſent — I— 'there's a gentleman beckons me owes a thouſand 'pounds, and goes out of town to-morrow 'morning.—Mr.—

'*Free.* Ha, ha, ha! Well, we ſhall meet again.

SCENE. XII.

FREEMAN, JERRY BLACKACRE.

'*Free.* How now, Squire, what's the matter?

'*Jer.* Nothing: I don't care; nothing's the 'matter: but if ever I go home again, with her I, 'wiſh I may never ſtir! You ſaid you wou'd ſtand 'by me.

'*Free.* Well, and ſo I will. Who has injured you?

'*Jer.* Why, my mother: ſhe caught me at 'the place there, changing the money you gave 'me, and flew at me, like any mad, and pull'd 'my hair, and call'd me all the names that 'ever ſhe could think of — But if I don't be up 'with her! you will ſee! and if you wont take 'me with you, I'll go for a ſoldier.

'*Free.* Take you with me, Squire! do you 'deſire to go with me?

'*Jer.* Yes, it's all my deſire.

'*Free.* How ſhall I act in this affair? gad, 'twill be a good ſtroke towards making ſome- 'thing of the widow in earneſt; at leaſt of 'getting my right out of her hands — Well,

'Squire

'Squire, I'll tell you what, if you are really 'ſerious —

'*Jer.* Oh, lord! yonder ſhe is coming in at the 'gate with that old fellow: if you will come, 'come away; for I won't ſtay any longer to be 'beat and abus'd by her.

'*Free.* Nay, ſince that's the caſe, have with 'you my boy.

'*Jer.* Ay, and now let's ſee how ſhe'll be able 'to help herſelf.

SCENE XIII.

Changes to the gate of Weſtminſter-Hall. *Enter from within* MANLY, *and* FIDELIA, *and on the oppoſite ſide Mrs.* BLACKACRE *and Major* OLDFOX.

'*Mrs. Black.* A villain! a raſcal! I'll teach him 'better manners than to talk ſaucily to his mother '— Theſe are pretty doings, Sir; are they not? 'My ſon flies in my face, and when I go to 'correct him for it; he tells me truly he'll leave 'me and go to the mate of your ſhip, who has 'offer'd to take him.

'*Man.* Well, and what's that to me? You 'muſt tye your calf up if you are are afraid of 'his being ſtolen.

'*Mrs. Black.* But which way did he run, Major? 'May be he is gone to that ſeducing villain al-'ready; and he has got my writings with him, all 'that concerns my eſtate, my jointure, my 'huſband's deed of gift, and the evidences for 'all my ſuits now depending.

'*Man.* I am glad of that! for if you have loſt 'your evidence your cauſe can't go on, and I am 'at liberty.

'*Old.* Mr. Jerry went off in a great paſſion, 'Madam, I hope he won't commit any raſh action; 'to do himſelf a miſchief.

Mrs. Blac. No, no, I know him better than ſo; he will never be *felo de ſe* that way: but he may go and chuſe a guardian of his own head, and ſo be *felo de ſes beins*; for he has not choſen one yet.

Man. Which I hope he may with all my heart!

Mrs. Blac. Oh, do you ſo, Sir? then it ſeems you are in the plot.—Well, look to't I'll play faſt and looſe with you all yet, if there be law, and my minor and writings are not forth coming. I'll bring my action of *Detinue* or *Trover*—But I'll firſt go and ſeek—

'*Man.* Well, I ſhan't ſtay here any longer.

'*Mrs. Blac.* Stir a ſtep, ſtir a ſtep at your peril 'till the courts are broke up, and I'll ſerve you 'with a rule of contempt.

SCENE XIV.

MANLY, FIDELIA.

'*Man.* Now, Sir, go on. You have been with 'Olivia you ſay.

'*Fide.* Yes, Sir, I have ſeen and ſpoke with her.

'*Man.* Well, and ſhe received you kindly?

'*Fid.* Kinder than you would think, Sir.

'*Man.* That's well: Come now let me hear what 'ſhe ſaid to you.

'*Fide.* Said to me, Sir!

'*Man.* Ay, what was her buſineſs with you? 'Come come! why don't you ſpeak? You are 'ſo tedious! What was it ſhe had to commu-'nicate.

'*Fide.* Modeſty, Sir, prevents my entering in 'particulars; I need only tell you, that her buſi-'neſs with me has proved of the moſt extraordi-'nary kind; I am ſo ſhocked at the thoughts of 'her behaviour, I cannot ſay more.

'*Man.* Confuſion!

'*Fide.* I aſſure you, Sir, I would not impoſe upon you, by the forgery of a falſhood, and cannot wrong her by any report of her, ſhe is ſo wicked.

'*Man.* Wicked! 'Sdeath, had ſhe the impudence!

'*Fide.* Impudence! Oh, Sir!

'*Man.* But what! How did ſhe accoſt you?

'*Fide.* When I came to the houſe, Sir, I was conducted into her dreſſing-room, where I found her alone: and I took it for granted ſhe would have begun immediately with talking of you and your late difference with her: but, inſtead of that, Sir, I had hardly ſat down, when ſhe gave me to underſtand ſhe had deſired to ſee me on my own account only; and was ſo bold, and ſo forward—

'*Man.* But in what terms did ſhe expreſs herſelf?

'*Fide.* Her tongue, I confeſs, was ſilent, Sir; but her eyes conveyed ſuch things—

'*Man.* Eyes! Eyes!—What, then you have only had eye-kindneſs from her; and your vanity has helped you in this conſtruction ſo much to the lady's diſadvantage?

'*Fide.* Not ſo, Sir—At firſt, indeed, her eyes chiefly were the interpreters of her thoughts; but, finding they ſpoke a language I could not, or would not, underſtand, ſhe threw off the reſtraint, made a tendre of her perſon in direct terms; and, in ſhort, Sir, offered to proſtitute that love to me, at half an hour's acquaintance, which you have deſerved whole years in vain.

'*Man.* I'll not believe it—It's a damn'd lye of your own contrivance; come, I know 'tis a lye.

'*Fide.* I am ſorry you ſhould think ſo, Sir: but, however unlikely it may appear I can give you proof.

'*Man.* Proof!

Fide.

'*Fide.* Yes, Sir; for I have ſeemed half conſenting to her ſolicitations, and made a kind of promiſe to pay her a viſit, this night, at twelve o'clock, when the family ſhall be aſleep.

'*Man.* Hah!

'*Fide.* For which purpoſe ſhe has ſhewn me a back way into her apartment, where a lamp always burns; for ſhe will have no light in her chamber, becauſe her woman lies in an adjoining cloſet—Nay, more, Sir; ſhe has given me the key of the garden to let myſelf in with, which I have brought off.

'*Man.* The key of the garden! Let me ſee it. I know it well; and have a thouſand times gone by the paſſage you mention to our private interviews: I imagined it led to paradiſe, and an angel of purity inhabited there; but I muſt think of that no more—Did ſhe ſay nothing to you of this huſband of hers?

'*Fide.* Yes, Sir; ſhe is actually married, and her huſband gone out of town; but ſhe expects him very ſoon; and that, I ſuppoſe, made her more urgent with me to come to night.

'*Man.* And can you think of diſappointing a a lady upon ſuch an occaſion?

'*Fide.* I, Sir!—I ſhould diſappoint her more by going.

'*Man.* How ſo?

'*Fide.* Her impudence and infidelity to you, Sir, has made me loath her.

'*Man.* Well, Sir, but I ſay the lady ſhall not be diſappointed.

'*Fide.* Not diſappointed, Sir!—If ever I go near her again, may you think me as falſe to you as ſhe is; hate and renounce me.

'*Man.* Well, well, if you wont, leave the matter to me; I'll take care—

'*Fide.* You, Sir! You take care, Sir?—Pray 'give me that odious key again, and let me return 'it with the contempt, the deteſtation—

'*Man.* No, Sir; this key is the inſtrument of 'revenge, which Fortune hath put into my hand; 'and, by Heaven, I'll make uſe of it.

'*Fide.* Revenge, Sir! What revenge? Diſ-'dain is beſt revenged by ſcorn; and faithleſs love 'by loving another.

'*Man.* Perhaps it may, where the object has 'once been eſteemed; but I now begin to think I 'had never any ſhare in her affections; and there-'fore I'll take another method.

'*Fide.* And what is your deſign, Sir?

'*Man.* Not a word more; here's Freeman com-'ing towards us: we will diſengage ourſelves from 'him as ſoon as we can, and talk of this affair far-'ther.'

SCENE XV.

MANLY, FIDELIA, FREEMAN.

'*Free.* The moſt whimſical accident has happen-'ed to me here to-day, captain; the moſt unex-'pected, unaccountable—Ha, ha, ha!

'*Man.* What, the great boy has roſe in rebel-'lion againſt the tyranny of his widow-mother, and 'put himſelf under your protection! Have a care, 'Freeman; though ſhe is a fiend, and I wiſh her 'at the devil, we are ſtill to have a regard to juſ-'tice.

'*Free.* Then we are to do ourſelves juſtice, 'ſure; which, I promiſe you, is all the uſe I ſhall 'make of the 'ſquire's revolt in my favour. Where 'ſhall we dine?

'*Man.* I was juſt thinking of it, where can we 'dine?

'*Free.* Will you go to the King's Arms?

'*Man.* Why I don't much care if I do: but it 'muſt be upon one condition,

'*Free,* Name it?

'*Man.* That you ſhall not attempt to pin your-'ſelf upon me after dinner; I muſt poſitively have 'the whole evening at my own diſpoſal; for my 'young volunteer and I have particular buſineſs.

'*Free.* That's ſufficient, Sir; you know you al-'ways make your own terms with me.

'*Man.* Come then, young gentleman, lead the 'way.'

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

MANLY's *lodgings, a writing table and chairs.* MANLY *enters in a ſurtout coat, with his hat on, followed by* FIDELIA.

'*Man.* Then Freeman betray'd no marks of 'ſurprize, at being told I was gone abroad ſo early, 'and you are poſitive he had not the leaſt ſuſpicion 'of my being out all night.

'*Fide.* I believe not, Sir.

'*Man.* So much the better. I have been ſitting 'at the coffee-houſe theſe three hours, leſt knock-'ing at the door at an unſeaſonable time, might 'alarm the family—Help me off with my coat—'and now ſhut the door, and bolt it, that no body 'may come in upon us unawares.

'*Fide.* Heigho!

'*Man.* What's the matter with you?

'*Fide.* Nothing, Sir.

'*Man.* You have been crying.

'*Fide.* I have not been very well, Sir.

'*Man.* Come, you are a good lad; don't let 'your ſpirits ſink, I'll be your friend, you ſhall 'fare as I do, let that content you.

'*Fide.* I deſire no better, Sir.

'*Man.* Take the pen and ink, and ſit down 'there—I am now convinced that what you told 'me yeſterday was truth, and Olivia is the vileſt, 'and moſt profligate of her ſex.

'*Fide.*

'*Fide.* Are you convinced, Sir? Are you in-
'deed, convinced? Then I hope——

'*Man.* Speak ſoftly—I ſuppoſe I need not tell
'you where I have been?

'*Fide.* Sir!

'*Man.* I ſay, I ſuppoſe I need not tell you
'where I have been ſince we parted.—I have been
'with Olivia; and ſhe has beſtowed on me a thou-
'ſand careſſes, which I returned with ſeemingly an
'equal ardor.

'*Fide.* Lord, Sir, I am vaſtly ſick of a ſudden.

'*Man.* You are a coward—What ails you?

'*Fide.* I don't know, Sir, I never was ſo oddly
'taken in my life; but it will away again.

'*Man.* Liſten to me, then, and be ſurprized
'yet more—I have paſt myſelf upon Olivia for you.

'*Fide.* For me, Sir!

'*Man.* Yes—Darkneſs, and the particularity of
'our ſituation, favoured the deceit; and I was
'cautious not to undeceive her, by ſpeaking but
'little, and that ſoftly; and leaving her this morn-
'ing before it was light.

'*Fide.* Well, now Sir, your revenge is ſatisfy'd,
and I truſt—

'*Man.* Hear me! I would have you go imme-
'diately and write Olivia a very tender billet-
'doux; deplore the neceſſity which forced you
'from her this morning, ſo much againſt your in-
'clination; and appoint another meeting with
'her, at her own houſe, this evening, as ſoon as
'it ſhall be duſk.

'*Fide.* Out of revenge, I ſuppoſe, Sir.

'*Man.* It is ſo; for I intend to go there.

'*Fide.* Sir, my life is devoted to your ſervice,
'but however meanly you may think of me, I can-
'not deſcend ſo low as to the infamous office you

'would

'would lay upon me—Excuſe me, Sir, I cannot 'act the part of a pander.

'*Man.* Your principles of honour I do not diſ-'like, if they are ſincere; but I tell you, you are 'miſtaken in this matter.

'*Fide.* Indeed, Sir, I am not; I ſee all plain 'enough—But upon my knees, I beg, if you have 'the leaſt regard for yourſelf, renounce this wo-'man, give her up, and never——

'*Man.* What am I to think of your behaviour? 'Sure you would have me believe you love her 'yourſelf; which, indeed, I have all along ſuſ-'pected.

'*Fide.* Indeed, Sir, it is all my concern for your 'ſafety.

'*Man.* Methinks you you might truſt that to 'my care—But once for all, I deſire I may have no 'more impertinent diſputing or advice.

'*Fide.* Sir you muſt give up either Olivia or me.

'*Man.* Why ſo, Sir? What have you and Oli-'via to do with one another?

'*Fide.* Well, Sir, let me hear your commands.

'*Man.* I have already told them to you—I 'would have you write this letter to make the ap-'pointment; you ſhall keep it in perſon; and 'when you have been with her ſome time, I will 'come in at the back door, which you ſhall pur-'poſely leave open, and catch you together.

'*Fide.* Well, Sir! and what then!

'*Man.* Why then, Sir, I will upbraid her falſe-'hood, confront her impudence; boaſt of the tri-'umph I have had over her, and never ſee her 'more.

'*Fide.* And is this really all you intend, Sir?

'*Man.* All.

'*Fide.* I think you can have no kindneſs left for 'Olivia now, Sir; I think you can't—You don't 'love her the leaſt bit, captain, do you?

'*Man.* Love her! Damn her! I think of her 'with abhorrence.

'*Fide.* Then I will go and write the letter di- 'rectly, Sir.

'*Man.* Do ſo—and open the door, for I think I 'hear Freeman in the next room.

SCENE II.

MANLY, FREEMAN, MAJOR OLDFOX.

'*Old.* No matter, no matter for a little animo- 'ſities; what's paſt is paſt, and let's think no more 'of it.—Adds me, captain Manly's within, I 'ſhould be exceedingly glad to aſk him a few 'queſtions: will you be ſo good as to introduce 'me, now?

'*Free.* If you deſire it.

'*Old.* Sir, I ſhall take it as the greateſt favour.

'*Free.* Captain, here's a gentleman who is am- 'bitious of being ranked amongſt the number of 'your acquaintance.—This, Sir, is Major Oldfox, 'at once the votary of Mars and Apollo, and 'equally an ornament to the pen and the ſword.

'*Old.* Sir, I am your moſt——

'*Man.* What do you mean by bringing the old 'fool to me?—Why will you, Freeman, take 'theſe liberties?

'*Free.* Excuſe me; upon my ſoul I could not 'avoid it—the captain is a whimſical man, major; 'but I ſuppoſe you know his humour.

'*Old.* Ay, ay, I have heard, and like him the 'better—Captain, I honour you, you are a great 'man, Sir: your late behaviour againſt the ene- 'my has proved you ſuch, and I ſhall be proud 'of being better known to you: as Mr Free-

'man has intimated, I am an humble admirer of 'the arts, and now and then throw my thoughts 'upon paper: *nequeo dormire*, as the poet ſays.

'*Man.* And what then, Sir?

'*Old.* Nay, good captain, take me along with 'you.—I ſuppoſe you would not be diſpleaſed to 'have the particulars of your late action laid in a 'proper manner before the public; and if ſo, I 'ſhould be glad to drink a bottle, and have a little 'diſcourſe with you about it--That's all, Sir.

'*Man.* Ha, ha, hah!

'*Old.* He's an odd man, Mr. Freeman.

'*Free.* But ingenious, major.

'*Old.* Ay, ay—Pray, captain, do you ever read 'the Royal Chronicle?

'*Man.* No.

'*Old.* Nor the Imperial Magazine.

'*Man.* Neither.

'*Old* That's much, that's much indeed; neither 'the Royal Chronicle, the Imperial Magazine, nor '—There are often very excellent pieces make 'their appearance in thoſe publications, Mr. Free-'man.

'*Free.* So there are, major, ſo there are—and I 'believe I can gueſs to whom the public is indebt-'ed for a good many of 'em! What ſay you? 'Eh!—Don't I know the ſignum, three ſtars and a 'daſh?

'*Old.* No, Mr. Freeman, no upon my honour, 'Sir! That was my mark formerly; but now all 'my things are ſign'd Philantropos.

'*Free.* You were not author of that ſoliloquy in 'blank verſe, in the papers the other day.

'*Old.* What an addreſs to the land carriage fiſh 'office?

'*Free* Ay.

'*Old.* Why, did you like it?

'*Free.*

'*Free.* As good as Milton.

'*Old.* Mr. Freeman, my dear ſoul!—I am extremely ſorry that any thing ſhould happen between us; but as I ſaid before, I hope that is all forgotten: and you will henceforward look upon me as your friend.—It was I that writ it.—But mum!—between ourſelves.

'*Man.* Hark you, old gentleman, it ſeems you have taken into your head you can write, and are turn'd author; ſhall I tell you what I once ſaid to an acquaintance of mine, who was poſſeſſed of the ſame unaccountable whim?

'*Old.* Well, Sir, and what was that?

'*Man.* Why, faith, I told him very plainly he was making himſelf an aſs; that he did not know how to write.

'*Old.* Mr. Freeman, I ſhall be glad to ſee you at my houſe, to eat a bit of mutton with me, and to have a little converſation about a matter I ſhall tell you.—Sir your ſervant!

SCENE III.

MANLY, FREEMAN.

Free. You took a very ſure way to get rid of an author, by adviſing him not to write.—But you are grown a very early man ſure; I was here two hours ago, and was told you were gone out.

Man. Ay, and I ſhould have ſtaid out if I had known what company you intended to bring me.

Free. As to that, don't be angry; the major, you muſt know, is the widow's harbinger, who is coming in purſuit of her ſon; and he and I having a little quarrel, I had a mind to make it up with him, by doing what he ſaid he would con-

der as the greateſt obligation, introducing him to you.

Man. Well, and what have you done with your charge?

Free. Stay and you ſhall ſee: I have rigg'd him out with the remains of my ſhipwreck'd wardrobe: he has been under your ſea valet de chambre's hands.—By Jupiter! that's his mother's knock at the door. Stay, and I'll fetch him.

Man. No—you know I cannot eaſily laugh, but I deſire once more, you will take care, and bring yourſelf into no diſagreeable circumſtances by this buſineſs.

SCENE IV.

Changes to Covent-Garden Piazza.

MRS. BLACKACRE, MAJOR OLDFOX.

'*Old.* But will you not walk in, Madam?

'*Mrs. Black.* No, major, no; I ſhall not put 'my foot into his houſe, ſince I have not my 'lawyer with me. I called on counſellor Quiddit, 'No. 8, Coney-Court, but he's attending at the 'Old Bailey, on a trial for an aſſault.

'*Old.* Well, but Madam, this is a ſtrange 'place to tranſact buſineſs in.

'*Mrs. Black.* Major, you are an ignoramus; 'do you know, that as I have no ſearch warrant, 'execution, or other legal authority, if I was to 'go into his houſe, he might bring his writ for a 'forcible entry on the premiſes. I ſerv'd a per-'ſon ſo once myſelf.

'*Old.* Well, Madam, I have ſent the ſervant 'to call him out; and that you mayn't think the 'time long 'till he comes, I'll juſt read you over 'a little fancy that came into my head this morn-'ing.

'*Mrs.*

'*Mrs. Black.* Lord, major, how can you trou-
'ble me with ſuch curſed ſtuff, when you ſee how
'I am perplex'd and plagued here?

'*Old.* Nay, in troth, I muſt have your opinion
'of a ſatire I am going to publiſh; it is a laſh
'for the Reviewers; in which I give ſuch a cha-
'racter——

'*Mrs. Black.* Nay, if you talk of characters,
'look at my laſt ſuit in Chancery, which gives
'ſuch a character of my adverſary, makes him
'as black as the very devil.

'*Old.* Then here's the outlines of what I once
'intended for a pamphlet——The Coffee-houſe
'Man's Caſe on the late riſe of News-Papers,
'humbly addreſſed to both Houſes of Parlia-
'ment.'

SCENE V.

MRS. BLACKACRE, MAJOR OLDFOX, FREEMAN, JERRY.

Mrs. Black. What do I ſee?—Jerry Blackacre, my minor, in red breeches!—Oh, Jerry, Jerry! have I loſt all my good inns of court-breeding upon you, then? and will you go breeding yourſelf at coffee-houſes and ordinaries, playhouſes, tennis-courts, and bagnios?

Jer. Ay, ay! what then? perhaps I will, and what's that to you? Here's my guardian and tutor now, that I am out of your huckſter's hands.

Mrs. Black. How! you have not choſe him for your guardian yet?

Jer. Yes, but I have though; and I'll do any thing he bids me, and I'll go all over the world with him, to ordinaries, and bagnios, or any where elſe.

Mrs.

Mrs. Black. Do not go to ordinaries and bagnios, good Jerry!

Jer. Why, have you had any dealings there? you never had any ill by them, had you? but if I have left you, you may thank yourſelf; for you uſed me ſo barbarouſly, I was weary of my life.

Mrs. Black. But conſider, Jerry, you are yet but an infant; however, if you will go home with me again, and be a good child, you ſhall ſee——

Free. I beg your pardon, Madam; this young gentleman is now under my care; and it is my duty, in quality of his guardian——

Mrs. Black. Why, you villain, would you part mother and minor? rob me of my child and my writings? but you ſhall find that there is law; and as in the caſe of raviſhment of guard. Weſtm. the ſecond.——

Old. Well, but Madam, by what I can find, this has been all the young gentleman's own doing. Come, Squire, pray be rul'd by your mother and friends.

Jer. Yes, I'll be rul'd by my friends, and therefore not by my mother. I'll chuſe him for my guardian 'till I am at age—nay, may be for as long as I live.

Mrs. Black. Will you ſo, you wretch? and when you are of age, you will ſign, ſeal, and deliver too, will you?

Jer. Yes, I will.

Mrs. Black. Oh! do not ſqueeze wax, ſon! rather go to ordinaries and bagnios, than ſqueeze wax. If thou doſt that, farewel the goodly manor of Blackacre, with all its woods and underwoods, and appurtenances whatever.

Free. Come, Madam, don't afflict yourſelf: 'tis true, this young gentleman, of his own free-

will,

will, has choſen me for his guardian: however, he's not out of your power; and might I flatter myſelf with hopes of being in the mother's good graces—

Mrs. Black. I underſtand you, Sir;—No, if one of us muſt be ruin'd, e'en let it be him, if he won't be rul'd by me.—What ſay you, booby, will you be rul'd?

Jer. Let me alone, can't you?

Mrs. Black. Will you chuſe him for a guardian, whom I refuſe for a huſband?

Jer. Ay, to chuſe, I thank you! for I have taken my leave of lawyering and pettifogging.

Mrs. Black. Pettifogging, you profane villain! have you ſo?—Pettifogging! then you ſhall take your leave of me, and your eſtate too; you ſhall be an alien to me and it for ever.—Pettifogging!

Jer. Oh, but if you go there, we have the deeds and ſettlements, I thank you! would you cheat me of my eſtate?

Mrs. Black. No, no; I will not cheat your little brother Bob; for you were not born in wedlock.

Free. How's that?

Jer. What quirk has ſhe got in her head now?

Mrs. Black. I ſay you cannot, ſhall not inherit the Blackacre eſtate: you are but my baſe child, and, according to law, cannot inherit it. Nay, you are not ſo much as a baſtard eigne.

Jer. What am I then, mother, the ſon of a——

Mrs. Black. The law ſays——

Free. Madam, we know what the law ſays—but have a care what you ſay? do not let your paſſion to ruin your ſon, ruin your reputation.

Mrs. Black. Hang reputation, Sir! am not I a widow; have no huſband, nor intend to have any?

Jer. But have you no ſhame left in you, mother?

Free.

Free. Conſider, madam—

Mrs. Black. No, no, Sir. Come, major, let us make haſte to the Prerogative Court.

SCENE VI.

FREEMAN, JERRY.

Free. We muſt not let her go ſo, Squire.

Jer. Nay, the devil can't ſtop her, if ſhe has a mind to it. But I'll tell you what, maſter guardian-lieutenant, we will go and adviſe with three attornies, two proctors, two ſollicitors, and a ſharp dog in White-Friars, and ſure all they will be too hard for her: for I fear, honeſt guardian of mine, you are too good a joker to have any law in your head.

Free. You are in the right on't, Squire; I underſtand no law, eſpecially that againſt baſtards—which cuſtom is againſt, I am ſure; for more people get eſtates by being ſo, than loſe them.

SCENE VII.

Changes to Olivia's *lodgings.*

Enter OLIVIA, *thro' a door in the back ſcene, with* VERNISH *booted and ſpurr'd, as juſt come off a journey.*

'*Oliv.* Lord bleſs me, my dear, you came up-
'on me ſo unawares, you quite ſtartled me—
'Feel how my heart beats.

'*Ver.* Beats!—you ſeem ſtartled indeed—And
'yet ſurely you expected ſomebody, when you
'met me ſo kindly in the dark paſſage.

'*Oliv.* Why I thought it was your ſtep, and
'could

'could not refrain from coming out of my cham-
'ber;—and yet I did not know how to believe
'it either, becauſe it was ſo much ſooner than
'your letters bid me look for you.

'*Ver.* And yet you began with upbraiding me
'for having ſtaid beyond my time.—Let me tell
'you, madam, this conduct is myſterious, and re-
'quires explanation.

'*Oliv.* What explanation, my ſoul?—you miſ-
'underſtood my words. I upbraid you with hav-
'ing ſtaid too long from me; and you ſhall never
'be abſent ſo long from me again,'—you ſhan't
indeed; by this kiſs you ſhan't! But, my deareſt,
I have ſtrange news to tell you; ſince you went,
Manly's return'd.

Ver. Fortune forbid!

Oliv. He met with the French fleet; fought,
and afterwards ſunk his ſhip. He was here with
me yeſterday.

Ver. You did not own our marriage to him.

Oliv. I told him I was married, to get rid of
him; but to whom is yet a ſecret to all the world—
And I uſed him ſo abominably ill, that his pride,
I believe, will prevent his troubling me any far-
ther.

Ver. I hope it has given him a ſurfeit of the
ſhore, and will ſend him to ſea again; be you
ſure only to keep our great ſecret: in the mean
time, I will lead the eaſy fool by the noſe, as I
uſed to do; and whilſt he ſtays, rail with him at
you; and when he's gone, laugh with you at him.
By that time too, I ſhall have ſettled ſome affairs,
which I have now on hand, and ſhall not care
who knows of our marriage.—As for the notes
and jewels which he left with you, if he ſhould
want to recover them by law, you may plead a

gift: but I fancy we are pretty ſafe as to that, for I know the particularity of his temper ſo well—

Oliv. Yet let us be cautious, my love—Have you taken the thouſand guineas he lodg'd in my name out of the banker's hand?

Ver. No, where was the neceſſity?

Oliv. The greateſt in the world.—Don't confide too much in his generoſity: I am well inform'd a much ſmaller ſum would be acceptable to him at preſent; and no doubt his neceſſity will make him ready enough to take money, wherever he can claim any thing like a property.

Ver. I believe you are in the right, and I will take care to remove them tomorrow.

Oliv. Tomorrow! for heaven's ſake ſtay not 'till then; he may receive them before tomorrow. Go this night—Immediately.

Ver. You adviſe well, and I will only ſtay to reſt myſelf a little.

Oliv. Reſt yourſelf when you come back.—Pray, dear Verniſh, don't trifle upon ſuch an important occaſion.—Go this very inſtant.

Ver. Well, well, I'll go now directly—a hackney coach will take me to Fleet-ſtreet, and back again in an hour.

Oliv. If you ſtay 'till midnight, no matter.—Make haſte, deareſt, I am impatient 'till you are out of the houſe.

SCENE VIII.

OLIVIA.

'I ſhan't recover myſelf a good while, this unexpected viſit has ſo flurried me! Who could have thought of his coming—A beaſt!—And at ſo critical a juncture!—And yet, if he had ſtayed a few moments longer, he might have taken me ſtill

'ſtill more at a diſadvantage—My conduct is my-
'ſterious, and requires explanation!—Sure he in-
'tends to give himſelf the airs of being jealous—I
'wiſh I had never married him! He's of a cruel
'and dangerous temper; and, had I not luckily
'thought of the money as an expedient to ſend him
'out again, I know not what might have happened
'had he and my young friend met—

SCENE IX.

FIDELIA *and* OLIVIA; *who, during the ſcene, goes out and returns.*

'*Oliv.* Ah, heavens!

'*Fide.* I hope I don't frighten you, Madam.'

'*Oliv.* Oh, is it you? No, no; but I am the
'ſtrangeſt timorous creature!—Well, you can ex-
'cuſe a woman's weakneſs; indeed I have given
'you too great proofs of mine——I hope you are
'not one of thoſe capricious conquerors who deſpiſe
'a victory for being too eaſily gained.

'*Fide.* I hope, Madam—

'*Oliv.* Nay, I know you will ſay to the contrary,
'and I ſhall believe you: though the hurry you
'were in to leave me, and your unkind behaviour
'in hardly ſpeaking to me, might make one of a
'leſs jealous temper ſuſpect—

'*Fide.* Upon my word, Madam!

'*Oliv.* I am ſatisfied; you will tell me, no doubt,
'your letter contained a ſufficient apology for that;
'and, to convince you I deſire no other, if you are
'as ſincere as I am, I will this moment put into
'your poſſeſſion what, in many parts of the world,
'will be a magnificent fortune. In ſhort, I am
'ready to forſake friends, country, reputation, and
'fly with you—

'*Fide.* This offer, Madam, does me ſo great 'an honour!—

'*Oliv.* Honour! Why will you make uſe of 'that cold expreſſion? But methinks you look 'grave upon it: muſt I have the mortification to 'find that your paſſion is leſs violent than mine?'

Fide. Pardon me, Madam; but the violence of your paſſion may preſage its change; and I muſt needs be afraid your affections would ſoon cool to me, ſince you could once grow indifferent to ſo worthy a gentleman as captain Manly.

Oliv. Oh, mention not his name!

Free. Why, Madam, did'nt you love him?

Oliv. Never. How could you think it?

Fide. Becauſe he thought it; who is a man of that excellent underſtanding, and nice diſcernment———

Oliv. Hang him, untractable, ſurly brute! Some private reaſons, indeed, made me outwardly accommodate myſelf to his tramontane humour; and he had vanity enough to think I liked him.

'*Fide.* Bleſs my ſoul, Madam! Vanity! Why 'he's very well to be liked, I hope.

'*Oliv.* Ha, ha, ha!

'*Fide.* Indeed, Madam, you don't do well to 'ſpeak ſo diſreſpectfully of the captain.

'*Oliv.* Why, you dear, friendly creature, you 'could not be a greater advocate for him, if you 'were one of his miſtreſſes ſtepped into breeches.

'*Fide.* His miſtreſſes, Madam! I don't know 'what you mean. To be ſure I have great obliga-'tions to the captain, and don't like to hear him 'abuſed—but—

'*Oliv.* Come, come, let's talk no more of him, 'that's the beſt way—What ſay you, ſhall we go 'ſit in the next room; I have prepared a little col-'lation there.

'*Fide.* Are we not better here, Madam?

'*Oliv.* No, no; I'll conduct you; give me your 'hand.

'*Fide.* I would rather ſtay where we are, if you 'pleaſe, Madam.

'*Oliv.* Why ſo?

'*Fide.* I don't know, Madam; I think 'tis more 'airy here.

'*Oliv.* Airy! Is any thing the matter with you?

'*Fide.* I am afraid I am going to have one of 'my fits!

'*Oliv.* What fits!

'*Fide.* Oh, Madam, I am mighty ſubject to fits; 'and ſometimes lye in a trance for an hour together.

'*Oliv.* Ay!

'*Fide.* Yes, indeed, Madam; but if you'll let me 'alone where I am, perhaps I may not have one.

'*Oliv.* Oh, ſtay, I'll run into the next room 'and fetch you ſome ſpirits; I would not, for the 'world you ſhould be ſeized here.

'*Fide.* Mercy on us, what ſhall I do! I wiſh 'the captain would come and deliver me from this 'odious woman. I had like to betray myſelf juſt 'now, by my unguarded warmth; and ſhe will 'certainly diſcover me if I ſtay much longer. I 'wiſh I was well out of the houſe!

'*Oliv.* Undone, undone!

'*Fide.* How, Madam? Where?

'*Oliv.* Aſk no queſtions, but get out the back 'way as faſt as you can; my huſband's coming.

'*Fide.* Your huſband, Madam!

'*Oliv.* Ay, ay; he came in juſt before you did; 'I thought he was gone abroad again, but I ſaw 'him this moment croſs the hall, and he followed 'me up ſtairs—Oh, Heavens, here he is!—This 'way.

'*Fide.* Hold, Madam?—She has clapt the door 'after her, and the bolt is ſhot. What will be-'come of me?'

SCENE

SCENE X.

FIDELIA, VERNISH.

'*Ver.* So, now I am ſomewhat a more decent 'figure to go abroad; while the fellow has been 'getting me a coach, I have made a ſhift to alter 'my dreſs a little——Hah, who have we here! 'Nay, by the Lord you ſhan't ſlip by me.

'*Fide.* Pray, Sir, don't be rude.

'*Vern.* Rude, you raſcal! Who are you? And 'what brings you into this houſe?

'*Fide.* I did not come to do you any harm, Sir.

'*Ver.* You came here to do no good, I am cer-'tain. But now I ſee who it was my wife expect-'ed, and what occaſioned her extraordinary trepi-'dation. Damn you, ſirrah, I have a mind to cut 'your throat.' Come, draw!'

Fide. Oh, pray, Sir, don't draw your ſword—Pray, Sir, don't.

Ver. How, a coward; yet dare to do a man the greateſt injury in the world! But your want of courage ſhant ſave your life.

Fide. Hold, Sir, hold! Don't terrify me, and I'll ſatisfy you I could not injure you.

Ver. Now, quickly then! What have you to ſay?

Fide. I am a woman, Sir; a very unfortunate woman.

Ver. Hah! A very handſome one, I am ſure. It is ſo—But why in this maſquerade?—Well, no matter.

Fide. I hope, Sir, you are ſo much a man of honour as to let me go, now I have ſatisfied you.

Ver. Let you go, Madam!

Fide. Yes, Sir. You may gueſs my misfortune to be love by my diſguiſe; and I dare ſwear you

will not urge me farther on ſecrets which concern my honour.

'*Ver.* Oh, no, Madam, by no means—But I 'thought I ſaw my wife turn ſhort upon the ſtairs 'juſt now, and run up in a great hurry before me. 'Has ſhe not been with you?

'*Fide.* Yes, Sir.

'*Ver.* Well, and where is ſhe gone?

'*Fide.* Out of the houſe, I believe, Sir.

'*Ver.* And why ſo, Madam?

'*Fide.* I know not, Sir:' perhaps, becauſe ſhe would not be forced to diſcover me to you; or, to guard me from your ſuſpicions, that you might not diſcover me yourſelf.

Ver. Well, Madam, at any rate I am obliged to her for having left me alone with ſo charming a creature!—Lovely, bewitching woman! throw off a diſguiſe that deforms ſuch excelling beauty; the time, the place—

Fide. What do you mean? Help, ho!

Ver. 'Tis in vain to cry out, no one dares to help you; I am lord here.

Fide. Tyrant here!—But, if you are the maſter of this houſe, which I have taken for a ſanctuary, do not violate it yourſelf.

Ver. No, I'll preſerve you in it, and nothing ſhall hurt you: I will be as true to you as your diſguiſe, but you muſt truſt me.

Fide. You don't look like a villain, Sir—Help, help!

SCENE XI.

FIDELIA, VERNISH, FOOTBOY.

Vern. You ſaucy raſcal, how durſt you!—

Boy. I come, Sir, to let you know the coach is at the door.

Ver. Damn the coach!—Well, Madam, I ſhall leave you for a little while; perhaps, when I come

back, I ſhall find you in a better humour. Here, Sir, help me in with this fellow, this diſhonourer of my family.

Boy. Fellow! Your honour ſaid ſhe was a woman.

Ver. No matter, Sir; muſt you prate?

Fide. Oh, Heavens! Is there—

Ver. Come, Madam, ſince you will yield to me no other way, you ſhall, at leaſt, be my priſoner till I have leiſure to examine you farther—In there, in!——I will know you better before I part with you, my pretty maſquerader, or you ſhall have more ſtrength and cunning than I think you have.

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT

ACT V.

SCENE I.

ELIZA's *lodgings.* OLIVIA, ELIZA, LETTICE.

Oliv. Ah, couſin! nothing troubles me, but that I have given the malicious world its revenge, and reaſon now to talk as freely of me, as I uſed to do of it.

Eliz. Faith then let not that trouble you, for to be plain, couſin, the world cannot talk worſe of you than it did before.

Oliv. How, couſin, I'd have you to know before this faux-pas, this trip of mine, the world could not talk of me.

Lett. Oh Lud, Madam! here is my maſter.

Oliv. Whither ſhall I run? Save, protect me from him!

SCENE II.

OLIVIA, ELIZA, VERNISH, LETTICE.

Ver. Nay, nay, come.

Oliv. Oh, Sir! forgive me.

Ver. Yes, yes, I can forgive your being alone with a woman in man's cloathes, but have a care of a man in woman's cloathes.

Oliv. A woman in man's cloathes! What does he mean?

Ver. Come, come, you need not have lain out of your houſe for this; but perhaps you were afraid when I was warm with ſuſpicions, you muſt have diſcovered who ſhe was: and may not I know, pray?

Oliv. Who ſhe was! Sure he diſſembles only to get me into his power; or perhaps my young ſpark has impoſed upon him.

Ver. Come, what's the matter with you? If I muſt not know who ſhe was, I am ſatisfied without.—Come hither.

Oliv. Sure you do know her; ſhe has told you herſelf, I ſuppoſe.

Ver. No, I might have known her better, but I was obliged to go to the bankers; and ſo locked her into your chamber, with a deſign to examine her when I came back; but in the mean time ſhe got away, by tying the window curtains to the balcony, by which ſhe ſlid down into the ſtreet—for you muſt know, I jeſted, and made her believe I ſhould be rude with her, which ſhe apprehended, I ſuppoſe, in earneſt.

Oliv. Then ſhe got from you?

Ver. Yes.

Oliv. And is quite gone?

Ver. Yes.

Oliv. I am glad on't—Otherwiſe you had been rude with her.—But how durſt you go ſo far, as to make her believe you wou'd! Let me underſtand that, Sir! What, there is guilt in your face! —You bluſh too!—Nay, then I ſee how things have happened—Oh you baſe fellow!

Eliz. So, ſo!

Ver. Nay, hear me!—Prithee—I ſwear——

Oliv. I have heard already too many of your falſe oaths, and vows, eſpecially your laſt in the church: wicked man! and wretched woman that I am?

Ver. My dear!—

Oliv. My devil!—

Ver. Come, prithee be appeaſed—and go home: I have been ſo uneaſy all day, not knowing where to find you—I'll give you every ſatisfaction.

Oliv. Satisfaction!

er. Yes, do but go home, and I'll thoroughly ſatisfy you—and then too, we'll have a fit of laughing at Manly, whom I am going to find at the King's Arms, where I hear he dined—Go, deareſt, go home.

Eliz. A very pretty turn indeed, this!

Ver. Now, couſin, ſince by my wife I have the honour and privilege of calling ye ſo; I have ſomething to beg of you too: which is, not to take notice of our marriage to any perſon whatever, yet a while, for ſome reaſons very important to me; and next, that you will do my wife the honour to go home with her, and me the favour to uſe that power you have with her, in our reconcilement.

Eliz. That I dare promiſe, Sir, will be no hard matter. Your ſervant.

SCENE III.

OLIVIA, ELIZA.

Eliz. Well, couſin, this I confeſs was a reaſonable hypocriſy; you were the better for it.

Oliv. What hypocriſy?

Eliz. Why, this laſt deceit of your huſband was lawful, ſince in your own defence.

Oliv. What deceit? I wou'd have you to know I never deceiv'd my huſband.

Eliz. You do not underſtand me: I ſay this was an honeſt come off, and a good one. But what ſort of a gallant muſt this be, who could ſo dexterouſly paſs himſelf for a woman?

Oliv. What do you mean by a gallant, and paſſing for a woman?

Eliz. What do you mean? You ſee your huſband took him for a woman.

Oliv. Whom?

Eliz. Hey day; Why the man he found with you; for whom, laſt night, you were ſo much afraid; and who you told me——

Oliv. Lord, you rave ſure!

Eliz. Why, did not you tell me, laſt night?—

Oliv. I know not what I might tell you laſt night in a fright.

Eliz. Ay, what was that fright for?—For a woman?—Fie, this fooling is inſipid, 'tis offenſive.

Oliv. And fooling with my honour will be more offenſive. Did not you hear my huſband ſay—

Eliz. Come, you need not fear, I'll keep your ſecret.

Oliv. My ſecret! I'd have you to know, I have no need of confidents, though you value yourſelf on being a good one.

Eliz. Admirable confidence!

Oliv. Confidence! Is this language to me? Nay, then I'll never ſee your face again! Lettice, where are you? Let us be gone from this cenſorious, ill woman.

Eliz. Your very humble ſervant, my ſweet, good couſin!

SCENE IV.

Changes to a chamber in a tavern. MANLY *and* FREEMAN, *diſcovered drinking at a table.*

'*Fre.* What, then you were going to her yeſ-
'terday evening.

'*Man.* I did, as I tell you, intend it; but be-
'ing detained on the way, by an old ſhip-mate;
'juſt as I had got to the corner of the ſtreet, I
'met the volunteer, breathleſs, and almoſt fri ht-
'ened out of his wits; who gave me this whimſical
'relation of his adventure with her huſband.

'*Free.*

'*Free.* Whimſical indeed! Damn it! the fel-
'low muſt be an ideot.

'*Man.* I am not ſorry the affair has happen'd,
'however; for upon ſecond thoughts, the diſco-
'very I have to make, ſhould be public, and be-
'fore a number of witneſſes: ſhe muſt be made as
'infamous as ſhe is guilty.

'*Free.* Well, I am your man at any mad work,
'ſo here's my ſervice to you—but I muſt now go
'look a little after my charge; I have diſpoſed of
'him in the next room, with Lord Plauſible, and
'Mr. Novel, who have been here to day, at the
'expence of a young Creole, at a turtle feaſt.

'*Man.* Go your ways then, I won't detain you;
'but, I ſay, you know Olivia's houſe, and will be
'ſure not to let ſlip the hour.

'*Free.* I warrant you.

'*Man.* And come ſtrait up to her chamber,
'without more ado; and bring your charge, and
'my fellow Oakum, and whoever elſe you pleaſe;
'the greater your company the better. Here, take
'the watch—'Tis now five o'clock, and, at half
'an hour after ſeven preciſely—

'*Free.* You need not doubt my diligence; I am
'an old blood, and can naturally beat up a wench's
'quarters that won't be civil to my friend—Shan't
'we break her windows too?

'*Man.* No, no, be punctual only.

SCENE V.

MANLY, VERNISH.

How!—Nay, here's a friend indeed! And he that has him in his arms, can know no wants.

Ver. Dear Sir, and he that is in your arms, is ſecure from all fears whatever: nay, our nation is

ſecure

ſecure by your defeat at ſea; and the French that fought againſt you, have proved enemies to themſelves only, in bringing you back to us.

Man. Fy, fy! This from a friend? And yet, from any other, 'twere inſufferable. I thought I ſhould never have taken any thing ill from you.

Ver. A friend's privilege is to ſpeak his mind, though it be ill taken.

Man. But your tongue need not tell me you think too well of me; I have found it from your heart, which ſpoke in actions, your unalterable heart. But Olivia is falſe, my friend; which I ſuppoſe is no news to you.

Ver. Why, no—it is not.

Man. But could not you keep her true to me?

Ver. Not for my life, Sir.

Man. But could you not perceive it at all before I went? Could ſhe ſo deceive us both?

Ver. I muſt confeſs, the firſt time I knew it, was three days after your departure, when ſhe received the money you had left in Fleet-ſtreet, in her name; and her fears, it ſeems, did not hinder her from counting that. You muſt truſt her with all, like a true generous lover.

Man. And ſhe like a mean—

Ver. Jilting—

Man. Traiterous—

Ver. Baſe—

Man. Damn'd—

Ver. Mercenary ſtrumpet.—

Man. Ay, a mercenary ſtrumpet indeed! for ſhe made me pay her before I had her.

Ver. How!—why have you had her?

Man. Have I!——

Ver. Nay, ſhe deſerves you ſhould report it.

Man. Report it! By heaven, 'tis true!

Ver. How!—ſure not?

Man.

Man. I do not uſe to lie, nor you to doubt me.

Ver. When?

Man. The night before laſt.

Ver. Confuſion!

Man. But, what, you wonder at it! nay, you ſeem to be angry too.

Ver. I cannot but be enraged againſt her, for her uſage of you; damn'd, infamous, common jade!

Man. But you do not, for ſo great a friend, take pleaſure enough in your friend's revenge, methinks.

Ver. Yes, yes, I am glad to know it, ſince it is ſo.

Man. You cannot tell who that raſcal her cuckold is?

Ver. No.

Man. She would keep it from you, I ſuppoſe.

Ver. Yes, yes.

Man. You wou'd laugh, if you knew but all the circumſtances of my gaining her: come, I'll tell you.

Ver. Damn her! I don't care to hear any more of her.

Man. Well, you ſhall hear it preſently, then; and in the mean time, prithee go to her, but not from me, and try if you can get her to lend me an hundred pounds of my money; which I am at preſent in great want of. You may, perhaps, have ſome influence with her; and I ſuppoſe there is no recovering it by law.

Ver. Not any; think not of it: nor by this way neither.

Man. What have you in your head, that makes you ſeem ſo unquiet.

Ver. Only this baſe impudent woman's falſehood.

Man. Oh, my dear friend, be not you too ſenſible of

of my wrongs, for then I ſhall feel them too with more pain, and think them inſufferable.

Ver. But why can't you go to Olivia yourſelf? methinks ſhe that granted you the laſt favour, as they call it, ſhould not deny you any thing.—I underſtand not that point of kindneſs, I confeſs.

Man. No, you do not underſtand it, and I have not time to let you know all now: but anon, at ſupper, we'll laugh at leiſure together at Olivia's cuckold, who took a young fellow, that goes betwixt his wife and me, for a woman.

Ver. Ha!

Man. Senſeleſs, eaſy raſcal! 'twas no wonder ſhe choſe him for a huſband. She thought him, I thank her, fitter than me for that blind, bearing office.

Ver. Take a young fellow for a woman, ſay you?—'Sdeath, 'tis impoſſible I could be miſtaken! Sure he muſt be a dolt indeed.

Man. Oh, a very buzzard! Did you ever hear ſo ridiculous a circumſtance?

Ver. Never, never.

Man. Well, but, my dear friend, I muſt be gone immediately in order to meet Olivia again to-night.

Ver. To-night! It cannot be, ſure?

Man. 'Tis not two hours ſince I made my young man write to her for that purpoſe; and ſhe appointed half an hour after ſeven preciſely—In ſhort, I am, and I am not, to meet her—It is a riddle, but ſhall be explained.

Ver. But don't you apprehend the huſband?—

Man. He, ſnivelling gull, a thing to be feared! A huſband, the tameſt of creatures!

Ver. Very fine!

Man. But I muſt go to my appointment: you'll meet me here at ſupper, and then we'll have our laugh out.

Ver.

SCENE VI.

VERNISH.

Ay, I'll meet with you, but it ſhall be at Olivia's——Sure it cannot be; ſhe behaves ſo calmly, with that honeſt, modeſt aſſurance, it can't be true—And yet he does not uſe to lye—But then the woman in man's cloathes, whom he calls a man—Well, but I know her to have been a woman—But then again, his appointment from her to meet with him to-night: I am diſtracted more with doubt than jealouſy. Well, I have no way, but to go home immediately, put on a riding ſuit, and pretend, to my wife, the ſame buſineſs which carried me out of town laſt, requires me to go poſt to Oxford again to-night: then, if the appointment he boaſts of be true, 'tis ſure to hold; and I ſhall have an opportunity either of clearing her, or revenging myſelf on both.

SCENE. VII.

Changes to another room in the ſame tavern: tables and chairs. Enter MAJOR OLDFOX, MRS. BLACKACRE, *and afterwards* COUNSELLOR QUILLIT.

'*Old.* But how is it poſſible, Madam, that you 'can prove your ſon has no right to his father's 'eſtate?

'*Mrs. Black.* Let me alone for that, Sir; I'll 'get a lawyer ſhall prove black's white, if occaſion 'be. But ſuppoſe I prove it by his father's will; 'I have a will, Sir; or can have one made; and 'and how is he to help himſelf?

'*Old.* Nay, then, indeed———

'*Mrs. Black.* Yes, yes, I'll ſhew the villain that 'he took the wrong ſow by the ear when he med-'dled with me: I'll lead him ſuch a law-dance, 'Major, as he never was led in his life; and make

'him pay the piper into the bargain—Come, coun-
'ſellor, we ſhall be quite ſnug here—Major, you
'are ſure it was at this houſe the villain appointed
'us to meet him?

'*Old.* Yes, yes, Madam, I am very ſure; and
'have left orders below accordingly.

'*Mrs. Black.* Well, I ſuppoſe he'll be for com-
'ing to a compromiſe; but there's no harm in be-
'ing prepared—Mr. Quillit let us ſit down.

'*Counſel.* Juſt as you pleaſe, Madam; ſit or let
'it alone, 'tis the ſame thing to me.

'*Mrs. Black.* I ſay, counſellor, in part I have
'already told you what I would have done—With
'regard to this teſtament, there are three things
'to be conſidered—

'*Counſel.* Ay, Madam, we'll conſider them.

'*Mrs. Black.* Well, but hear me out; don't
'ſnap one up ſo—I ſay, there are three things to be
'conſidered—Firſt, to prove whether the teſtator
'was *compos mentis*—Secondly, whether he was *in*
'*ops concilii*—And, Thirdly, whether there was a
'ſufficient *probat.*

'*Counſel.* Nay, nay, but, Madam, this is all
'unneceſſary.

'*Mrs. Black.* Unneceſſary! What do you mean?
'—Was it not ſo ruled—Catling, 15th Edward the
'Firſt, folio B? Was it not afterwards confirmed
'in the Exchequer-chamber, upon Error from
'*Banco Regis?*—Look at your reports, Sir; Crook
'James, 114.

'*Counſel.* Lackaday, Mrs. Blackacre, you are
'really talking in the clouds; have got quite out
'of your ſphere!—I tell you, there was no deviſe
'till the 27th Henry VIII.

'*Mrs. Black.* I ſay there was, Sir.

'*Counſel.* You mean, Mrs. Blackacre, there was
'deviſe in common-law, but not in *ſecundem ſtatu-*
'*tem*; ſo that your quotation is quite foreign to the
'purpoſe: in fine, the whole is nonſenſe, and I ſee
'you know nothing of the law.

'*Mrs. Black.* No, Sir! But I'll ſhew you that 'I do know ſomething of the law; and I'll lay you 'five hundred pounds to your noſegay that I know 'more of the law than you do; and you ſhall be 'inſtructed.

'*Counſel.* Not by you, Madam; not by you! 'Send your ſollicitor to me; there's your paper of 'memorandums.

'*Mrs. Black.* Impertinent! My paper of me-'morandums! Odds my life! Return me my fee 'too then; my five guineas that I gave you.

'*Counſel.* Don't put yourſelf in a paſſion, Mrs. 'Blackacre; I am always calm. As to your fee, 'I ſhall not return it; for, if it was double the 'ſum, I have had trouble enough for it.

'*Mrs. Black.* Trouble! Major, did you ever 'ſee ſuch uſage as this?

'*Counſel.* To be ſhort with you, Madam, you 'are a perſon whoſe affairs I do not chuſe to med-'dle with; for your cauſes are ſuch as have been 'ſet on the left ſide of the book any time theſe 'ſix years; and, ſince your evidence at the laſt 'Hillary ſittings was pilloried, my lord-chief-juſ-'tice talks of making an order, that you ſhall not 'teaze his court any more.

'*Mrs. Black.* Make an order! Make an order 'againſt me? That I ſhould not teaze! No, no, 'they know which ſide their bread is buttered on 'better than that. Ecod, if it was not for me, 'many a one that's ſaucy enough in the courts 'would make but a ſcurvy figure out of them.

'*Counſel.* Come, come, Madam, that affair of 'the evidence was very black.

'*Mrs. Black.* 'Tis falſe, Sir! 'Twas all a preju-'dice, becauſe he was an Iriſhman: but, if there 'was any roguery in it, did not you draw his in-'ſtructions?

'*Counſel.* You deluded, you deceived me——'But guard your expreſſions, Mrs. Blackacre;

'guard your expreſſions; have a care of an action 'of *ſcandalis.*

'*Mrs. Black.* Odd's my life, is this language to 'me, you puny upſtart of the law! You green bag 'carrier! You murtherer of unfortunate cauſes! 'The clerk's ink is ſcarce off your fingers! What 'a ſhame it is that women ſhould not plead their 'cauſes themſelves, and not be obliged to employ 'ſuch ignorant mongrels!

'*Counſel.* Well, Madam, very well! Take no-'tice you are in the hands of the law--- --I call you 'to witneſs, Sir, that this woman has attacked my 'reputation-----Depend upon it, the bench ſhall 'hear of you, and my lord-chief juſtice determine 'which is the beſt lawyer, you or I.'

SCENE VIII.

MRS. BLACKACRE, MAJOR OLDFOX, FREEMAN, JERRY, WAITER, *and* BAILIFFS.

'*Mrs. Black.* I have not patience! I'll have 'him caned; I'll have him caned in the courts, 'if it coſts me ten thouſand pounds——an 'impudent, ſaucy——make a rule againſt me!— 'And you, major, ſitting there, with your mouth 'open—Are you a man? a ſoldier to wear a 'ſword by your ſide, and ſee me treated——Oh, 'I wiſh I had a ſword!

'*Old.* Don't make yourſelf uneaſy, Madam; I 'warrant we'll be up with him! I'll write an eſſay 'againſt him in the news-papers; I can get any 'thing put in for five ſhillings.

'*Mrs. Black.* Go, go, you are a ſilly old aſs.

'*Waiter.* What's the matter, Madam?

'*Mrs. Black.* Nothing, nothing; go down ſtairs '—Make a rule againſt me! Odds my life!—I 'wiſh they durſt! egad the parliament ſhould hear 'of it!

'*Jer.* O law! My mother quarrelling with the 'waiter.—What's the matter here? won't ſhe pay 'the reckoning?'

Free. Bailiffs, execute your writ; there's your priſoner.

Bail. We arreſt you in the king's name, at the ſuit of Mr. Freeman, guardian to Jeremiah Blackacre, eſq; in an action of ten thouſand pounds.

Mrs. Black. How, how! in a choke bail action?

Free. Yes, yes; you are taken, indeed, Madam; and we have diſcover'd your equitable deſign of providing us with a forged will.

Mrs. Black. Undone, undone! no man was ever too hard for me 'till now.—Oh, Jerry! child, wilt thou vex the mother that bore thee?

Jer. Ay, for bearing me before wedlock, as you ſay: but I'll teach you to call a Blackacre a baſtard, tho' you are never ſo much my mother.

Mrs. Black. Well, I am undone! not one trick left!—Cruel Sir, a word with you, I pray.

Free. In vain, Madam; you have no way to releaſe yourſelf now, but by the bonds of matrimony.

Mrs. Black. How, Sir, how! Matrimony! that were but to ſue out an habeas corpus, for a removal from one priſon to another.

Free. Bailiffs, away with her!

Mrs. Black. Oh, ſtay Sir! Can you be ſo cruel as to bring me under covert baron again, and put it out of my power to ſue in my own name? But I ſee, Sir, your aim in all this; and if you think proper, to make us both eaſy, I will, out of my jointure, ſecure you an annuity of three hundred pounds a year, and pay your debts; and that's all you younger brothers deſire to marry a widow for, I am ſure.

Free. Now, Madam, you are come to the point I wanted to bring you to: but you ſhall find I will not be behind hand with you in generoſity—I believe I need not tell you, widow, that I have ſuffered ſome injuries from your family, and there is now an eſtate in it, which lawfully and honeſtly belongs to me.

Mrs. Black. Why, Sir, I do remember ſomething,

thing, and if you will be ſo good as to let me ſpeak to my attorney——

Free. As for that, Madam, there is no occaſion —the land in queſtion brings in about four hundred pounds a year; ſecure me that, and your perſon and your ſon you are welcome to diſpoſe of as you pleaſe.

Jer. What, I hope, maſter Guardian, you are not making agreements without me.

Free. No, no: firſt, widow, you muſt ſay no more that he is a baſtard; have a care of that: and then he muſt have a ſettled exhibition of one hundred pounds a year, and a nag of aſſizes, kept by you, but not upon the common.

Mrs. Black. Well, I can grant all this.

Jer. Ay, ay, fair words butter no cabbage: but, Guardian, make her ſign, ſign and ſeal; or otherwiſe, if you knew her as well as I, you would not truſt her word for a farthing.

Free. I warrant you, Squire.—Come, my lawyer with writings ready drawn, is within, and in haſte.

Mrs. Black. Make a rule againſt me! a paultry jackanapes!

SCENE IX.

Changes to Olivia's *houſe.* Olivia *is diſcovered ſeated at a table with candles, and a ſmall cabinet.*

'*Oliv.* Sure no intrigue was ever attended with 'ſo many odd circumſtances as this of mine! I 'always knew Verniſh was a ſilly fellow, but I 'thought he had too much experience to miſtake 'a man for a woman. I am glad I pick'd a quar-'rel with Eliza however, becauſe now people will 'never believe I was in her power, but take for 'malice whatever ſhe may ſay to my diſadvantage. 'But 'tis juſt the hour I appointed my young 'ſailor.—And, as if my husband had not com-'mitted blunders enough already, he is again con-

'veniently

'veniently gone out of town, to give me a better 'opportunity of entertaining him: but I married 'him for a convenience.——Hold, don't I hear 'ſomebody treading ſoftly along the paſſage?'—

SCENE X.

OLIVIA, FIDELIA.

'Who's there? my dear!

'*Fide.* My life!

'*Oliv.* Well, this is kind; now I think you re-'ally love me, becauſe you are punctual to your 'aſſignation. I was afraid the miſadventure when 'you was here laſt, would have frightened you 'from coming any more; and then I ſhould have 'been ſo unhappy——

'*Fide.* Why, really, Madam, I was under ſome 'apprehenſions.

'*Oliv.* Go, you little coward! You a ſon of 'Neptune and talk of fear?—But ſtay, I'll lock the 'door, though there be no occaſion for it, but to 'keep out your fears, and thoſe ugly fits you tell 'me you are ſubject to.

'*Man.* (*at the door*) You have impudence enough 'to give me fits, and make revenge ſtill impotent.

'*Oliv.* What do you ſay?

'*Fide.* Madam!

'*Oliv.* I thought I heard you ſpeak—Come—'Sit down here—What makes you ſo penſive?

'*Fide.* I am thinking, Madam, if your huſband 'ſhould ſurprize us again.

'*Oliv.* There's no danger; he's ten miles out 'of town by this time: however, don't mention 'his name, leſt it ſhould prove ominous.

'*Fide.* Well, but won't you give me the ſatis-'faction of telling you, how I abuſed him, laſt?

'*Oliv.* I have heard enough of it: I hate any diſ-'courſe when he, or Manly, muſt be part of the 'ſubject.

'ſubject. No, let me rather reſume the converſation 'I began yeſterday—Are you willing to go off with 'me?

'*Fide.* Whither, Madam?

'*Oliv.* Any where—To Lapland or India—I re-'peat it once more—I have a ſufficient fortune to 'make us happy.

'*Fide.* Hiſt! Don't I hear a noiſe?

'*Oliv.* No, no.

'*Fide.* Pray, Madam, liſten: I am ſure I hear 'the motion of feet upon the ſtairs.

'*Oliv.* I tell you it's no ſuch thing.

'*Fide.* Hark! It grows louder.

'*Oliv.* Be ſilent then—There's ſomebody tam-'pering with the lock of the door. (*puts out the* '*candles*) Step gently this way—Death and confu-'ſion, 'tis my huſband! I heard him ſpeak to 'the foot-boy—He has ſent him round to bar the 'garden gate.

'*Fide.* I thought, Madam, your huſband was 'out of town, you ſaid.

'*Oliv.* No, no, 'tis he.—Fool that I was to truſt 'in his pretended ignorance, or think his recon-'cilement real; he has laid this train purpoſely for 'my undoing.—He has ſtopt the only paſſage we 'can go out by; and I know his revengeful tem-'per ſo well, if he finds us here, he'll murder us. '—Let us eſcape your way by the balcony: here, 'take this cabinet, it contains jewels and bank 'notes, to a conſiderable value, while I go into 'the next room, and pull down the curtains.

SCENE XI.

MANLY, FIDELIA, *and afterwards* VERNISH, *who breaks open the door.*

Fide. This cabinet I believe is yours, Sir.

Man. It is mine now, indeed; And ſhall never eſcape from me again, at leaſt to her.

Fide. Did you ever hear ſuch a wretch, Sir?

Man. A wretch! Why ſhe makes love like a devil in a play. 'But ſhe wanted to elope with 'you, Sir; you never told me that.

'*Fide.* Oh, Sir, I have not told you half her 'wickedneſs: but they are breaking open the door. 'What ſhall I do, Sir?

'*Man.* Stay where you are, and fear nothing. 'Now we ſhall ſee who this happy man is ſhe calls 'huſband.

Ver. With much labour and forcing, I have at laſt gained admittance: but now, to find out the occaſion of all this privacy and baricading—I heard people talk in the room, I am ſure—Hah! what's here?

Man. Sword and dark lanthorn, villain, are ſome odds; however, I believe I ſhall be able to deal with you—Don't be frighten'd my little volunteer.

Fide. Only for your life, Sir.

Ver. Damnation! two at once—but I'll make ſure of one of them at leaſt.

Fide. Murder! Help! Murder!

SCENE XII.

MANLY, FIDELIA, VERNISH, OLIVIA, *and then* FREEMAN, LORD PLAUSIBLE *and* NOVEL; *who enter with lights on oppoſite ſides.*

Oliv. What means this uproar? Diſtraction! My huſhand has got in! then we ſhall have murder indeed.—Oh ſtay, you muſt not kill one unable to defend himſelf. Lights, Lights!

Man. Now, Sir, where are you? Freeman look to the door.

Oliv. Ha! who's voice was that? Manly's! What devil has conjured up all this miſchief?

Man. Hold, my deareſt, after ſo much kindneſs paſt between us, I cannot part with you yet—Freeman, let nobody out, for notwithſtanding your

lights we are ſtill in the dark, 'till this gentleman turns his face—How! Verniſh! Are you the happy man?—You! You!—Speak, I ſay—But your guilty ſilence tells me all. Well, I will not upbraid you; let your own reflections be your puniſhment—fare ye well, Sir!

'*Free.* Look yonder, captain, to the volunteer; 'he is hurt, and I believe fainting.

'*Fide.* No, Sir, 'tis only my fright not yet well 'over: I ſhall recover here in the next room.

'*Man.* My boy hurt?

SCENE XII.

MRS. BLACKACRE, JERRY, MAJOR OLDFOX, FREEMAN, OLIVIA, *and* MANLY *and* FIDELIA *who go out and return.*

'*Mrs. Black.* I dare ſwear there is ſomething go-'ing forward contrary to the ſtatute; and as in 'that remarkable caſe, Stokes plaintiff, againſt 'Jenkins and other defendants. — But I'll take 'minutes, major; for perhaps one ſide or other 'may chuſe to bring it into the courts.

'*Jer.* Well my mother will never let the law 'alone, I ſee that; for when ſhe's at a loſs for 'wherewithal to go herſelf, ſhe's for ſetting other 'people at it.

'*Man.* Oh Heaven!—Freeman, come here!

'*Free.* How now! What's the matter?

'*Man.* More miracles ſtill—The volunteer's a 'woman.

'*All.* A woman!

'*Fide.* Dear captain, ſpare my bluſhes; yet 'wherefore ſhould I be aſhamed of a virtuous and 'generous paſſion? Yes, I am a woman, I own 'it; and through love for the worthieſt of men, 'have attempted to follow him in this diſguiſe: 'partly out of fear to diſcloſe my ſentiments, for I 'knew of his engagements to that lady, and the

'conſtancy

'conſtancy of his nature, which nothing but her-
'ſelf could have changed.

Man. Dear Madam, I deſired you to bring me out of confuſion, and you have given me more: I know not what to ſpeak to, or how to look upon you; the ſenſe of my rongh and ill uſage, though chiefly your own fault, gives me more pain now it is over, than you felt when you ſuffered it: but, if my affections, once proſtituted to ſuch a woman—

'*Oliv.* My breaſt burns with fury, indignation,
'diſdain, and muſt have vent. Coxcomb, ideot,
'brute! But think not long to triumph, for I
'go to have ſuch vengeance on ye—

'*L. Plau.* Ma'am, will you permit me the ho-
'nour of your fair hand?

'*Oliv.* Take it.

SCENE XIII.

MANLY, FIDELIA, LORD PLAUSIBLE, FREEMAN, NOVEL, MRS. BLACKACRE.

'*Nov.* Ha, ha, ha! There's for your gentle-
'man-uſherſhip, my lord. Well, what do you
'think of her now? Did not I always tell you ſhe
'was a jilt?

'*L. Plau.* Take it from me, Mr. Novel, ſhe's
'a lady of great virtue and delicacy; though, in-
'deed, I could not have believed her fingers to
'have been quite ſo hard.'

Mrs. Black. But, pray, captain Manly, a word with you. Is not this my couſin Olivia's houſe and furniture? And do you eject her, ſeize on her goods and chattles *vi et armis?* Ecod, if I was ſhe, I'd make my demand, bring my trover.

Man. Good Mrs. Blackacre be pacified: if your couſin had her deſerts, the law would be her greateſt enemy. And now, Madam, let me beg of you to accept of this; and with it my heart; both,

I con-

I confeſs, too ſmall a recompence for your merit; for you deſerve the Indian world, and I would go thither out of covetouſneſs for your ſake.

Fide. Your heart, Sir, is a preſent of that value, I can never make any return for it: but I can give you back ſuch a preſent as this, which I got by the death of my father, a gentleman of the north, whoſe only child I was; [*gives a paper*] therefore left me in the preſent poſſeſſion of 2000l. a year. The name of my family is Grey; my other, Fidelia; the reſt of my ſtory you ſhall know, when I have fewer auditors.

Man. Nay, Madam, you now take from me all power of making you any compliment on my part: I was going to tell you, that on your account only, I would forego the pleaſures of a retirement I have long wiſh'd for, and be reconciled again to the world, which was grown odious to me: but if I ſhould, I doubt my friend here would ſay it was your eſtate made me friends with it.

Free. I muſt confeſs I ſhou'd; for I think moſt of our quarrels to the world, are juſt ſuch as we ſometimes have to a handſome woman, only becauſe ſhe won't grant us as many favours as we could wiſh.

Man. Nay, if you are a Plain Dealer too, give me your hand; and for your two ſakes, though I have been ſo lately deceived in both ſexes, I will believe there are ſtill in the world good-natur'd friends who are not proſtitutes. and handſome women worthy to be friends.

4 A° 54.

THE END.

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